

THE

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3

Perplex'd Lovers.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane,

BY

HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Written by Mrs. Susanna Centlivre.

L O N D O N:

Printed for Owen Lloyd, near the Church in the Temple; William Lewis, under Tom's Coffee-House in Covent-Garden; John Graves, at White's Chocolate-House in St. James-Street; and Tho. Hart, in the lower Walk of the New-Exchange in the Strand. 1712.

Belonged to

COMEDY

THE END

THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END

T O

Sir Henry Furnesse, Bar.

S I R,

I Hope, my being one of that Sex, which naturally Claim the Protection of Yours, will in some Measure excuse my Presumption in laying this following Poem at your Feet. Tho' we Women are incapable of serving our Country in the Discharge of weighty Affairs, we would not be thought so insipid a Part of it, as not to admire those that are; among which None is more Conspicuous than your self.

In You the Worthy Citizen, and Judicious Statesman, meet without the Vice of either; and from such Patriots of old, *Rome* became the Mistress of the World. The Good of Mankind seems your only Study: Your Fatherly Affection to your Children, Your generous Kindness to your Servants, Your Sincerity and Openness to your Friends, Your compassionate Pity to the Poor, Your forgiving Temper towards your Enemies, and the true *English* Hospitality with which You treat all that have the Honour to know you, proclaim the Greatness of your Soul. Your honest Principle, and good Management of your Affairs at Home, commanded the Honour of your Bills abroad, and the Trust which lately was repos'd in you, was faithfully discharg'd to the Honour of *Britain*.

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Then

D E D I C A T I O N.

Then where shall the Weak appeal but to one so fam'd for Equity? And I hope that neither my Sex, nor my Cause, will render me unworthy of Your Protection. However worthless the following Pages may be in themselves, the Reason of their ill Success on the Stage is too notorious, and too long a Story to offer in this Epistle; tho' for the Satisfaction of my common Readers, I have thought fit to place it in a Preface. I confess, I could never have thought it criminal to speak the Praises of those Heroes from a *British* Stage, to whom the greatest Part of *Europe* owes its Safety.

I am so truly sensible of the Weaknesses of my own Performance in this kind, that (however strong my Inclinations were, or whatever I might have pretended to, as the Privilege of a Writer,) I shou'd not have presum'd to Address you, had not my Enemies done me the Honour to make me suffer in so glorious a Cause; I shall not however abuse the Liberty I now take, by pretending to give the World Your Character in a *fullsome* unskillful Panegyrick; but only wish, for the general Good of my Nation, that it abounded with such publick Spirits as Your own; and that You long may Live, as now You are, the Honour of that City which You grace, as well as for the Interest and Glory of a free-born People; among which I beg leave to subscribe my self,

S I R,

Your most Obedient

Humble Servant,

Sufanna Cent-livre.

P R E F A C E.

I Am oblig'd to trouble my Reader with a Preface, that he may not be carried away with false Notions, to the Prejudice of this Play, which had the ill Fate to introduce a new Custom, viz. in being acted the first Day without an Epilogue: It seems the Epilogue design'd wou'd not pass; therefore the Managers of the Theatre did not think it safe to speak it, without I cou'd get it licens'd, which I cou'd not do that Night, with all the Interest I could make: So that at last the Play was forc'd to conclude without an Epilogue. Mr. Norris, who is an excellent Comedian in his way, was desired to speak six Lines Extempore, to intreat the Audience to excuse the Defect, and promised them an Epilogue the next Night, but they apprehending that that was the Epilogue design'd for the Play, were pleas'd to shew their Resentment. It is plain the want of an Epilogue caus'd the Hiss, because there had not been any thing like it during the whole action; but on the contrary a general Clap attended the Conclusion of the Play. The next Day I had the Honour to have the Epilogue Licens'd by the Vice-Chamberlain, but by this time there was a Rumour spread about Town, that it was a notorious whiggish Epilogue; and the Person who design'd me the Favour of speaking it, had Letters sent her to forbear, for that there were Parties forming against it, and they advis'd her not to stand the Shock, here was a second Blow greater than the first: The sinking of my Play cut me not half so deep as the Notion I had, that there cou'd be People of this Nation so ungrateful as not to allow a single Compliment to a Man that has done such Wonders for it. I am not prompted by any private Sinister End, having never been oblig'd to the Duke of Marlborough, otherways than as I shou'd in common with my Country; as I am an English Woman, I think my self oblig'd to acknowledge my Obligation to his Grace for the many Glorious Conquests he has attain'd, and the many Hazards he has run, to establish us a Nation free from the Injuncts of a Foreign Power. I know not what they call Whigs, or

P R E F A C E.

on how they distinguish between them and Tories: But if the De-
fire to see my Country secur'd from the Romish Toke, and flourish
by a Firm Lasting Honourable Peace, to the Glory of the best of
Queens, who deservedly holds the Ballance of all Europe, be a
Whig, then I am one, else not. I have Printed the Epilogue, that
the World may judge whether 'tis such as has been represented. So
much for that. Now I must acquaint my Reader, that I shall
not pretend to vindicate the following Scenes, about which I took
very little Pains, most of the Plot being from a Spanish Play, and
assuring my self Success from Mr. Cyber's Approbation, whose
Opinion was, that the Business wou'd support the Play; tho'
Mr. Wilks seem'd to doubt it, and said, there was a great deal of
Business, but not laughing Business; tho' indeed I cou'd not have
dress'd this Plot with much more Humour, there being four Acts
in the Dark, which tho' a Spanish Audience may readily conceive,
the Night being their proper time of intreaguung; yet here, where
Liberty makes Noon-day as easie, it perplexes the Thought of an
Audience too much; therefore I shall take Care to avoid such Ab-
surdities for the future, and if I live I will endeavour to make
my Friends amends in the next.

PRO

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BOOTH.

TO entertain this bustling busy Age,
Our Author now brings Business on the Stage;
She plots, contrives, embroils, foment's Confusion,
And yet to Politics makes not the least Allusion.
Business is now the A-la-mode Pretence,
All wou'd be Men of Business, and of Sense.
The faithless Rover, when with Cassia cloy'd,
Still swears, that Business has his Time employ'd:
But when she sees him for another leave her,
Too late she finds her Business done for ever.
The Cuck for Business early leaves his Bed,
And Spouse, with other Business in her Head!
She rises early too by his Example,
Pretends some Law Case with spruce Counsellour Dimple,
And gets her Deary's Business done——'t'his Temple.
The Side-box Spark,——his only Business lies
To read his fair One's Passion in her Eyes.
The Ladies act their own, not mind our Parts,
Their Business is, in looking out for Hearts.
The sweet-condition'd Females of the Pit
Come not to us in Quest of Mirth, or Wit,
Nor care they what becomes of a poor Play:
You know their Business lies another way.
To cut my Business short then——I'm to pray,
While here, you'd have no Business but the Play.
If in Attention your Applause is shewn,
You'll do our Author's Business, and your own.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lord Richlove, in Love with *Constantia*. Mr. Mills.
Sir Roger Merryman, Father to *Constantia* and }
Belwill. Mr. Leigh.
Colonel Bastion, in Love with *Constantia*. Mr. Wilks.
Colonel Merryman, Father to *Camilla*. Mr. Bullock, Sen.
Belwill, in Love with *Camilla*. Mr. Booth.
Timothy, Servant to Colonel Bastion. Mr. Pack.
Le Front, a French Valet de Chambre to the }
Lord Richlove. Mr. Barwen.

W O M E N.

Constantia, in Love with Colonel Bastion. Mrs. Suptow.
Camilla, in Love with Belwill. Mrs. Oldfield.
Florella, Maid to *Constantia*. Mrs. Saunders.

The SCENE LONDON.

The Time from Five in the Evening 'till Eight in the Morning.

T H E

[1]

THE

Perplex'd Lovers.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE the Street.

Enter Col. Bastion and Timothy.

Bast. WHY you hungry Dog, is nothing to be minded but your Guts, Sirrah?

Tim. Why is it reasonable now, Colonel, that nothing should be minded but your Love-Affairs 'till I am starv'd? in short, Sir, I am no Soldier; if your Method and mine won't agree, why can let us part fairly.

Bast. Why what have you to complain of, Sirrah?

Tim. Oh! a multitude of things; since you have been honourably in Love, you are no more like the Man you wert, than a Squib is to a Cannon; sometimes you walk so softly that my Feet freeze in my Shoes; then by and by so fast that a Highlander can't keep Pace with you—and I scarce get a good Meal in a Week; I must fast, because Love has ta'en away your Stomach, and the Devil a Bottle can I tick, because he has forsworn the Tavern. [*Aside.*] Besides, Sir, you load me with so many Secrets that I shall burst, or get my Bones broke one time or other; therefore, good Sir, discharge me.

B

Bast.

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Bast. Very sad Grievances indeed——So you are resolv'd to part with me then?

Tim. Yes really, Sir, without some Amendments on your side.

Bast. Come, what would you have? let's hear.

Tim. Why, Sir, in the first place I wou'd have my Wages; there's a great deal due, Colonel.

Bast. How long have you serv'd me?

Tim. *looks on a Book*] Let me see, I have serv'd you——I have serv'd you just five Years, four Months, one Week, three Days, two hours, one Minute, and two Seconds, Sir.

Bast. You are very particular.

Tim. I love punctual dealings, Sir: Now my Wages comes to at six Pound *per Annum*, thirty two Pounds the five Years four Months, the odd Week two Shillings six Pence, the two Hours one Half-penny——as for the Half hour, one Minute, and two Seconds, I'll generously throw them into the Bargain. I scorn to treat a Gentleman dirtily.

Bast. You are wonderfully obliging.

Tim. Now, Sir, out of these thirty two Pounds three Shillings and nine Pence Half-penny, I have receiv'd at several times, the full Sum of——nothing at all; so that there still remains due to me the aforesaid Sum, Colonel.

Bast. Very well, Sir, you shall be paid——These are the Extent of your Demands?

Tim. Nay hold there! these are but part of them, Sir.

Bast. Be brief then; what more?

Tim. Why, Sir, there is Board Wages for those Days I Eat nothing——my Pocket has no reason to enter into Alliance with my Stomach.

Bast. Oh these things shall be rectified. Come, you shan't leave me.

Tim. Say you so, Sir? Why then you shall promise me three Meals a Day, and to intrust me with no Secret I may not tell the whole Town; for I Lye so much upon your account, Sir, that I am shrewdly afraid I shall never dye in my Bed.

Bast. Can you fall more honourably, Sirrah, than in defence of your Master's Secrets?

Tim. Faith, Sir, I desire to shake Hands with that kind of Honour; I heartily wish this honourable fit of Love may give you

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you an Aversion for the Sex; and then 'twou'd be some comfort to live with you.

Bast. That it has already: I believe I have done with Womenkind.

Tim. How's that, Sir? Done with Womenkind? Ods my Life, you are not struck with Death, are you? Or are you married? No, no, that can't be; for then you'd have an Inclination to every Woman but your own Wife.

Bast. Yes, I am married to the Wars, and intend for *Flanders* to Morrow.

Tim. Nay then, Sir, I am your most humble Servant. For *Flanders* quotha! that's out of the Frying-pan into the Fire: I have had enough of *Flanders*, I thank you.

Bast. There your Head won't be burthen'd with Secrets.

Tim. No, nor my Body burthen'd with my Head, neither perhaps——I am afraid you and I must part at last, Colonel; for *Flanders* does not agree with my Constitution; the very Air of a Cannon-Ball turns all my Blood in a Moment. But pray, Sir, with Submission, may I not know the Reason of this sudden Resolution? Is there no hopes of Madam *Constantia* then?

Bast. I fear not——I have a powerful Rival, *Tim*; my Lord *Richlove*, her Servant assures me, has made her several Visits, encourag'd by her Father; then what may I not apprehend? he's a Lord, and she's a Woman; Grandeur and Titles charm that Sex beyond the power of Constancy and Love; her concealing it from me, confirms she likes him. I'll visit her instantly and take my leave, I shall judge by her Deportment if my Absence wou'd oblige her.

Tim. Nay, if he sees her there are some hopes of our staying in *England* yet——but Madam *Camilla* is still your Friend.

Bast. I think so, and the Door which opens out of her House into *Constantia's* Apartment undiscover'd, the only way by which I see her; go you to *Camilla's*, and with my humble Service let her know I intend to wait on her immediately; and humbly intreat *Constantia* may be there.

Tim. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Bast. How unequal are the Lots of Fate, and what innumerable Blessings wait on large Possessions? I have nothing but a faithful Heart to ballance his Estate, and Title, no Gold to give in

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Dowry

The Perplex'd Lover I.

Dowry with my Love, no Coach and Six to prance it in the Ring, no Diamond Bait to glitter in the Box, no Thousand Pounds to hazard on a Card; this Sword is all my Fortune, and Love the only Jointure I can make.

Re-enter Timothy.

Tim. Sir, Mrs. *Camilla* says, she'll inform her Cousin *Camilla* this Minute.

Bast. 'Tis well —

Now I the Crisis of my Fate shall try,

This Hour throws the Chance that bids me Live or Die. [*Ex.*

Tim. Oh Life, Life, sweet Heav'n give us Life, say I. [*Ex.*

SCENE changes to *Camilla's Apartment.*

Enter Camilla and Constantia.

Cam. Come Cousin, prithee be chearful, dont let my Uncle's Proposal make you spleenatick, we shall counter-plot 'em all, I warrant thee Girl — The Colonel's Sword is as long as my Lord's, and as good Mettle too, never fear it.

Const. I hope I shall never see the Trial — I wou'd not have the Colonel know of his Lordship's Pretensions; for by my own Heart I judge the Pains that his would feel — the bare Suspicion of a Rival wou'd distract me; and without Vanity, I believe our Flames are equal.

Cam. The Colonel's Pretensions are still a Secret to your Brother?

Const. And still must be so — for you are not unacquainted with his Promise given to Sir *Philip Gaylove* — with whom he contracted a Friendship in his Travels — He is perfectly recover'd of that Illness which detain'd him behind my Brother at the *Hague*, and is expected in a few Days; now judge, if I have not a difficult Game to play, *Camilla*?

Cam. You have indeed, *Constantia*; but whilst I have Power to charm your Brother, you shall not want a Friend to send against that Blow — I never will be his, 'till thou art happy.

Const. I do believe thee; and were it not for thy indulging Kindness, my Brain had long e'er this been turn'd.

Cam. What think you of informing your Brother of my Uncle's Proceedings; I fancy he would rid you of his Lordship's Visits.

Const.

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Const. My Father strictly forbade me to mention that Affair; he knows what Regard my Brother has always to his Word, and how far the knowledge might transport him is uncertain; perhaps to an open breach of Duty, without the least Service to me; for were my Lord remov'd, What Defence have I against my Brother's Friend?

Cam. What think you of marrying the Colonel privately? and going to *Spain* or *Flanders* with him for a Campaign or two? Time makes all things easie — You have Four Thousand Pound that your Grand-father left you.

Const. But in my Father's Hands.

Cam. Pho! there may be Ways and Means found to get a out, my Life on't, — Ha! here's your Brother.

Const. Belvil! Unlucky Minute, which way shall I see the Colonel?

Enter Belvil.

Cam. Fear not, I'll pick a Quarrel with him, and let him going — So Sir, you are a Lover I hear!

Bel. Could that News be a Stranger to you, Madam, that are so nearly concern'd in it?

Cam. Am I concern'd in your Passion for *Belinda*! whom you 'Squir'd to the Masquerade last Night?

Bel. Belinda! Pray who inform'd you that?

Cam. Those that knew you both, in spite of your Disguise — I don't envy her Happinefs, I assure you; and wou'd advise you to pay your Court there now, for I am not at Leisure to receive your Visit.

Bel. You are mis-inform'd, upon my word, Madam; I neither waited on *Belinda*, nor saw the Masquerade last Night.

Cam. Your Judgment mis-informs you, if you imagine I'm to be convinc'd by all that you can say; and the best Excuse you can make, is to leave the Room — Perhaps I shall take a time to do you Justice, without putting you to the expence of Oaths to clear your self — go mind your Assignations.

Enter Col. Bastion and Timothy.

Bel. This Proceeding is very odd, *Camilla* — Ha, who have we here? A new Lover? I have it now! my Visit was unreasonable — You mistook, Madam, 'twas you that had Assignations — Confusion —

Const. What shall I do now? He is here. [*To Camilla.*

Cam. I must carry't off — Ho'now Sir! Who are you? that

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that comes so boldly up without Notice? Who would you speak with?

Tim. Hey day! Why, what is the Woman bewitch'd?

Basf. With you, Madam——What is the Meaning of this——
Constantia's Brother! Mum! I must not seem to know my Love.

Cam. Col. *Basson*! You surpriz'd me, really I did not know you——

Tim. These great Ladies have very short Memories.

Bell. Colonel, have you any private Business with this Lady? I am one of the Civilest Rivals you ever met with——I'll retire into the next Room till you have deliver'd it——But then must beg a word with you my self.

Basf. Sir! It is a Secret of no such Importance I assure you, as you imagine——All the Affairs I have with this Lady, may be done in publick.

Cam. Methinks you usurp a Liberty, unbecoming a Depending Lover; be gone and see my Face no more.

Const. Nay, now *Camilla*, I must interpose! That Task's too hard to suit my Brother's Love——Tho' I wish him gone on any Terms.

Basf. Madam let me become a Mediator, perhaps my Business may relate to him as much as you.

Const. What in the Name of Goodness is he about to say now?
[*Aside.*

Cam. Sure he won't tell him he is in love with his Sister!

[*Aside.*
Basf. To morrow I intend for *Harwich*, in order to Embark for *Flanders*, if you have any Recommendations thither I shall deliver them with Pleasure——ha! *Constantia* changes Colour.

Const. For *Flanders*, oh! my Heart.

Bell. If this be all! I ask your Pardon Colonel, and shall give you the Trouble of a Letter to a Friend of mine in *Lisfe*.

Cam. And I, of one to my Brother, if you'll let your Servant call for it an Hour hence. Courage Cousin, this is only a sudden Thought of the Colonel's to take off *Bellvil's* Suspicion.
[*Aside to Constantia.*

Bell. In the mean time if you'll do me the Honour, Colonel, I'll dispatch mine over a Bottle——I hope you'll have a better Opinion of me, Madam, when I see you next.

Cam.

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Cam. According to the Humour you find me in, *Belvoir.*

Col. I'll follow you, Sir: *Tim,* wait for the Lady's Letter; and, do you hear? be sure you bring me word how I shall see *Constantia* again.

[*Aside to Tim.*

[*Ex. Bast. and Bell.*

Tim. A pox of this Letter for me, now shan't I get one drop of the Wine. Pray, Madam, be as quick as you can, my Master will be very impatient.

Const. Does your Master really go for *Flanders*, *Tim*?

Tim. Faith I fear so, Madam: But I have no Commission to answer Questions; nor do I believe it possible to know my Master's Mind three hours together; but if you have any Commands for him, Madam, I am your faithful humble Servant to deliver 'em. But don't let me wait I beg you, Madam; for to tell you the truth, I shall forfeit a Bottle, if I meet not a Friend of mine here by in a quarter of an hour.

Const. Well, not to detain you from your Friend, *Tim.* take this Key, and bid your Master meet me in the Garden half an Hour hence; and least your Bottle should be in Danger—there is something to defray the Expence.

Tim. Good, I like a Person of a clear Understanding; she took the Hint——Madam, I'llie to execute your Orders. [Exit.

Const. Now! If he shou'd be commanded away, *Camilla*?

Cam. Why, then were I in thy Place, Girl, I'd pluck up a Courage, pack up my Awls and march with him.

SCENE changes to the Outside of a Garden in the Street.

Enter Lord Richlove and Florella at several Doors.

Flo. Is your Lordship alone?

Lord. I am. *Florella!* what hast thou to tell me? Dost thou find *Constantia* inclining to my Love? How did she relish her Father's Proposal?

Flo. As sick People do the News of Death.

Lord. Ha! sayst thou? How did she treat me in my Absence? Come, I know thou art her Confident, and shalt tell me all.

Flo. I have a very great Deference for your Lordship, and much Esteem for my Lady——but my Lord, Self-interest governs the World; if I favour your Lordship I shall disoblige my Lady, and lose my Place; Service is no Inheritance, my Lord——

Lord.

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Lord. I understand you—and assure you whatever Discommodities you make to me shall turn to your Advantage; this to confirm it.

Flor. Ay, there's some sense in this; who would not speak for a Man of Quality? that paultry Colonel never gave me above half a Guinea——Your Lordship is so extremely good, that I declare I can refuse you nothing; I wish my Lady would say so, my Lord, but 'tis impossible, for she hates you, and vow'd to me this Morning, as I was reading her a Lecture in praise of your Lordship, if there were never another Man in the Universe, she'd dye a Maid, and lead you know what, my Lord, before she'd wed you.

Lord. Is her Aversion so strong, say'st thou? perhaps she loves elsewhere?

Flor. I have nothing to say to that, my Lord; but if you please I can put you where you may inform your self.

Lord. If thou can'st do that thou bindest me ever thine.

Flor. This Key opens the back Gate of our Garden, whither she is just now gone.

Lord. To meet her Lover, ha?

Flor. I never answer Questions of this kind with my Tongue, my Lord.

Lord. I conceive you, adieu.

Flor. I want only to serve some Favourite at Court to be a great Woman——twenty pieces added to my Fortune! this is no ill Evening's Work: What Advantages the Donor proposes to himself, I neither know, nor care. I have put them together, let 'em come off as they can.

[Exit.

S C E N E the Inside of the Garden.

Enter Colonel Bastion, Constantia, and Timothy at a distance.

Const. I am glad you had an Excuse so ready before my Brother, or we had been undone; but that going for Flanders sav'd all——What will you do with his Letter?

Bast. Deliver it, as I promised.

Const. Deliver it! are you in earnest? Must I lose you then so soon?

Bast. I fear you do not think it soon enough, *Constantia.*

Const.

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Const. What do you mean, *Basson*? Why this Indifference? Has my too much Fondness made you Cool, or have your Eyes ta'en in some other Love, and now wou'd throw your Guilt on me?

Bass. I wish you be not guilty—— Oh *Constantia*, has thy Reason never call'd thy Choice in question, by representing things above my Sphere? Will not the Pageantry of Fortune abate thy Love to me, and make me seem unworthy of you?

Const. He talks as if he knew my Lord's Design. Why do you suspect me? In what Action, since our first Acquaintance, have I betray'd a Soul so mercenary? Think you my Taste so vitiated, that like common Wretches, I cou'd love for Gold? No, Love is a free-born Passion of the Mind, not to be purchas'd at a sordid Price—— Those that can make their Bodies subservient to their Interest, were ne'er acquainted with that Noble Passion, but like the Brutes submit to Nature's Call, unknowing of Love's mighty Excellence.

Bass. Oh, thou hast clear'd my Doubts so fully now, that no one Fear remains—— Pardon my Jealousies, since they proceed from Love. Hark! What Noise is that?

Const. I hope my Brother has not mis'd me, and come to seek me in the Garden—— I'll step to the Parlour Door to avoid being surpriz'd; if all be safe, I'll return in a Moment—— [*Ex.*

[A noise of a Key in a Door.

Tim. Sir, Sir, afore *George*, there's a Key in the Door, we are certainly discover'd—— and shall be apprehended for Thieves; a Pox take all Intreaguings, I say.

Bass. Peace, you cowardly Dog, or I'll cut your Throat.

Tim. Look you there now, when I am running the Danger of the Gallows for him, he'd cut my Throat for Satisfaction; the Devil would not serve one of these Traders in Blood.

Enter Lord Richlove; speaks as he Enters.

Lord. Wait you without.

Bass. Ha! My Lord *Richlove*! Amazement! How came he by a Key too? Sure he had it not from her.

[Re-enter Constantia, mistaking the Lord for the Colonel, and runs into his Arms.]

Const. There's no Danger, my Life—— But speak low lest they should hear us, and our Meeting be prevented for the future.

Bass. What's that of meeting for the future?

C

Lord.

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Lord. Oh Transport! oh Extasie! my charming Angel—
Humph, 'tis plain she loves——and did expect her Lover here.
[*Aside.*]

Bast. Hell and Furies! in Raptures?

Const. My Lord *Richleve*! which way got your Lordship hither?—Distraccion, what shall I do now?

Lord. Did not you expect me, Fairest?

Bast. Expect him, oh perfidious Woman!

Const. I expect you, Insolence!

Lord. What! then I'm not the happy Man to whom you flew! why do you tremble so! oh let me dwell upon these Lips whose every touch runs thro' my Heart with Pleasure.

Const. What shall I say, if I cry out my *Bastion* will be found; were he away I'd make an Example of this Monster. [*Aside.*]

Bast. She's conscious of her Wrongs to me, and whippers out her words, least I shou'd hear her: Oh thou Serpent of thy kind!
[*Aside.*]

Lord. Have I too suddenly surpriz'd thee? Come let's retire to this Alcove, where in my Arms thou shalt recover Breath, and hear me tell how much I love thee.

Const. Away my Lord, and leave the Garden, and force me not to examine by what Authority you treat me thus.

Bast. Now she exalts her Voice to blind my Rage, convey him hence, and so deceive me on—but I can bear no more—Draw, my Lord, and give an injur'd Lover Satisfaction. [*Draws.*]

Lord. Draw! who are you, Sir?

Const. Ah! Heav'n defend my *Bastion*, ah! help, Murder.
[*Exit.*]

Bast. Thus I inform you.

Lord. Thus I return it.

Tim. Murder! Murder! Murder! [*Tim. draws and passes*]

[*They fight.*]

Enter Footmen to the Lord at one Door, Sir Roger Merriman,

Bellvil and Florella at the other. The Colonel disarms the

Lord, and throws him his Sword.

Bast. There's your Sword, my Lord——when next we meet preserve it better——Come along, you timorous Rascal.

Tim. Ay, with all my Heart, Lights and Liver. [*Ex.*]

Bel. Murder cry'd in our Garden?

Lord. Secure him, Slaves.

[*To his Footmen.*]

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II

¹ Foot. Secure who, my Lord?

Lord. The Gentleman that fought me.

² Foot. We see no Body, my Lord——ho, yes, here he is.
[Lays hold of Bellvil.]

Bel. Villains hold off, or I'll stick some of you.

Sir Rog. What! my Son assassinated by Ruffians? Within there, where are all my Servants? My Lord *Richlove*! how came your Lordship here? Not a word of your Love to my Daughter, my Lord.
[Aside to Lord.]

Fior. If your Lordship discovers me I'm undone. [Aside to him.]

Bel. My Lord *Richlove*! and Murder cry'd——Where is my Sister, *Florella*?

Fior. In her Chamber, Sir.

Bel. What Adventure brought your Lordship into our Garden?

Lord. Now dare not I accuse my Rival, least I betray myself——Why, Sir, coming by your Garden Wall here, I chanc'd to jostle a Gentleman that had got a Lady there it seems, who immediately lugg'd out upon me; the place being narrow, I thought to clap my Back against the Wall, but happening upon the Garden Door, it suddenly gave way, and in I fell——my Antagonist supposing he had kill'd me fled——the Woman shriek'd——my Servants roar'd out Murder——and I call'd out to secure him; which noise I suppose brought you, Gentlemen.
Fior. An admirable Story.

Bel. This may be true, 'tis probable.

Sir Rog. I hope your Lordship has receiv'd no hurt.

Lord. Not at all, Sir *Roger*——Let me see you by and by at the corner of the Street, *Florella*.
[Aside to her.]

Fior. Depend upon it, my Lord.

Sir Rog. Will your Lordship please to walk into my House, 'till the Street be clear? the noise may have alarm'd the Neighbourhood.

Lord. I'm engag'd to the Play, Sir *Roger*——you'll excuse this trouble which I have accidentally given you: Gentlemen I'm your humble Servant.
[Exit.]

Sir Rog. I am glad your Lordship is safe, the trouble is nothing.

Bel. I like not these Court Weasels sauntering about our House, the Family is seldom lucky where they frequent.
[Exit.]

Sir Rog.

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Sir Rog. I suspect his Lordship had another End in coming here, tho' I know not how he got into the Garden; my Daughter was the Cause——Oh that stubborn Baggage, wou'd she but listen to his Love, she might make her Father a great Man.

*Beauty has many Fortunes made at Court,
And many Title thanks a Woman for't.*

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE the Street.

Enter Lord Richlove and Le Front.

Front. **M**E Lor, you be more dejected for dis Lady, den I ever saw your Lorship for any Lady in me Life.

Lord. Because there is more difficulty in obtaining this Lady than ever I met before——I am an honourable Lover now, *Le Front*, and a Slave to one that hates me.

Front. How does your Lorship know she hates you? Women are very cunning me Lor, and when day say day hate a, begar day love best sometimes, me know dat very well.

Lord. But I am convinc'd she loves another.

Front. O de Divel! dat is another thing Masoy.

Lord. By the help of her Maid, whom I expect here presently, I got admittance into her Garden, and surpriz'd her with her Lover, but was so unfortunate not to discover who he was——and tho' my Passion is authoriz'd by her Father, I foresee she never will be mine.

Front. Me Lor, may I ask a you one Question? vil nothing but Marriage cure your Love? have a you take a one surfeit of variety? and must a you take a de course of Physick for Life, me Lor? ah! a Vife is one dam bitter Pill, dat vil never out a your Stomach 'till Death, begar.

Lord. But Love makes that Bitter sweet, *Le Front.*

Front. Love! begar, if your Lorship were one very poor Man I shou'd believe you——because de pauvre Man is always very much in Love with de rich Lady—but de Gens de Quality——never, me Lor, never——day don't mind *Cupid*, begar their gran Figure scorn de little sneaking Bassard.

Lord.

The Perplex'd Lovers.

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Lord. And the rich Ladies scorn poor Men, I'm sure.

Front. Sometime, me Lor, sometimes; but there be some generous Ladies that like a de handsome young Fellow very much. me was very well once wid the rich Widow, me visit her every Day, me stay 'till one, two, three, four de Clock every Morning me dance vid her, me sing vid her--me kifs her so warn, so warn, so warnly, as me please begar, and me swear me love her very much, because she was very rich, me Lor, and she love a me very much too.

Lord. How came you did not marry her then?

Front. Ah dat was de ting, my Lord, begar she no want Marriage--an de dam cunning Divel knew I wanted noting else--

Lord. Oh! You shou'd have ta'en an Opportunity to prove her Person was your only Aim.

Front. Oh begar me give her prooffe enough of dat, she let me do every ting begar me ask--oh she lov'd to be tickled my Lord, but fear'd to be expos'd into Manage--she lov'd a me Person dearly, dearly--but begar she lov'd her Mony better. She take one Chamber for me in her House begar, to lye at Bed, and Board, but me wou'd not go masoy, me love Marriage my Lord--me no love de Stallion, begar.

Lord. And so she jilted you.

Front. Even so me Lor--now had me been a your Lorship, me shou'd have had her vid a wet Finger, begar; for de Men of Quality may have any Lady masoy.

Lord. You have a wrong Notion, as to all Women, *Le Front*: indeed a Woman can't be virtuous that gives a Man such Encouragement as your Widow did you--for a virtuous Woman will not receive a second Visit from the Person she has no Design upon--wou'd *Constantia* give me such Liberty, I wou'd not fear Possession one way or other.

Front. Nor need you yet, me Lor, if Possession will do your Business--

Lord. What say'st thou?

Front. Mony, my Lor, Mony vill do all Tiggs,

Lord. Away Fool, she wants it not.

Front. But her Maid--me Lor--her Maid--ah! how many pritty Tings de Maid can do--she can put a your Lorship into de Bed-Chamber of her Mistress, and hide a you there 'till Midnight; then you could creep a softly, softly, co de Bed-side,

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Bed-side, lift a de Cloaths gently, gently, gently, steal into de Bed silently, take a de Lady in your Arms tenderly, and when your Lordship have her there *l'affair & fait*, begar, ha, ha.

Lord. Ha! The bare Imagination gives me Pleasure; thou hast inspir'd me with a way to revenge my self of her Disdain. Welcome Dear——

Enter Florella.

Florella, in thee lies all my Hope: Thou canst inform me, who is the happy Man? I prithee let me know my Rival.

Flor. To what end, my Lord?

Lord. Leave that to me.

Flor. You must pardon me there my Lord, I'll do any thing to serve your Lordship, that wears no Face of Guilt, because I see your Lordship can carry a thing off at a Pinch——but won't absolutely betray the Secrets of my Lady neither; in short, my Lord, the Knowledge won't advance your Sute, and he may have a Chance for his Life as well as you——Let this suffice, he is no Coward——for Fighting is Meat, Drink and Clothes to him, therefore think if I can serve you any other way, my Lord.

Lord. Yes, one way thou canst——If thou'lt convey me privately into *Constantia's* Bed-Chamber to Night.

Flor. Into her Bed-Chamber, my Lord! I fear your Design mayn't be honourable——and I wou'd not have a Hand in my Lady's Ruin for the World.

Lord. Nor wou'd I attempt it——my only Reason for it is, that there I may have an Opportunity to declare my Mind, and Prudence will oblige her to hear me——least the malicious World reflect upon her Conduct——Come you shall do this.

[*Putting a Ring upon her Finger.*

Flor. I think your Lordship has laid a Spell upon me, I have no Power to deny whatever you ask me. An Hour hence expect me here, my Lord.

Lord. I will.

Flor. Odd methinks my Finger becomes a Diamond Ring as well as my Lady's.

Lord. Now Loves great Goddess smile on my Design, And all the Glory of Success be thine.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to Camilla's House.

Enter Camilla and Constantia.

Cam. Which way got his Lordship into the Garden?

Const. Nay Heav'n knows, nor how the Colonel made his Escape, or if he lives; oh I dread your Maid's Return.

Cam. Lives I warrant him, or we had seen *Timothy* e'er this.

Enter Maid.

Maid. The Colonel will wait on you immediately, Madam.

Cam. Very well, wait without to receive him.

[Exit Maid, and Re-enter.

Maid. Madam your Cousin *Bellvil* is coming up.

Const. What shall I do now?

Cam. Here, here, step into this Closet, I'll find some Pretence to get him away.

Enter Bellvil.

Bel. What the Devil did this Wench run back so fast at Sight of me for—Hal sure I saw some Body whip into that Closet—Well, *Camilla*, what Humour is your Ladyship in at present? Dispos'd to be angry still, or how?

Cam. No, I think I have a Mind to be pleas'd Cousin, if you don't cross it; nay, I am in so good an Humour, that I could find in my Heart to ask your Pardon for my last Quarrel with you.

Bel. So, now she's upon the wheedle—There is certainly some body in that Closet—Prithee what Reason had you for that unjust Accusation, *Camilla*?

Cam. My dear inquisitive Lover, be not too curious to pry into the Reasons of Women—We have either too many for your Knowledge, or too few for your Quiet; you shou'd never think us in the wrong before Marriage, tho' we seldom think you in the right after it.

Bel. A frank Confession; but my Humour is just the Reverse, I can see every Fault in a Mistress, but none in a Wife.

Cam. That is, you won't think a Wife's Actions worth Record. The first Month takes off the Sing of your Appetite, and ever after you become a meer Drone.

Bel. Prithee try me, *Camilla*, and from Experience admonish our Sex, and don't let false Notions prevail to the Prejudice of us.

Cam.

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Cam. I'll consider on't; come shall we take a turn in the Garden? You promis'd to teach me the last new Song.

Bel. I'll go into your Closet, and write it down for you.

Cam. No, no, no, no, you must not go into the Closet.

Bel. Why so? Have you a Spark there?

Cam. Look ye there now, you will be asking Questions; upon Honour there is no Male thing in that Closet; will that suffice?

Bel. Then why am I forbid to enter?

Cam. Nay if you doubt what I say, you'll give me Cause to suspect your Love: There's the Key, satisfy your Curiosity; but from this Moment depend upon it, my House shall ne'er receive you as a Lover more; then take your Choice, the Closet without me, or me without the Closet.

Bel. Too well you know your Power, *Camilla!* I'll wait you to the Garden.

Cam. So now I like you, learn to be tractable, and then one may endure you for a Husband.

[*Exeunt.*]

Const. I'm glad he's gone, my Heart went pit-a-pat when she offer'd him the Key.

[*Constantia comes out of the Closet.*]

Enter Col. Bastion.

My dear *Bastion!* My Heart has had a thousand Fears for thee.

Bast. For my Lord *Richleve* you mean, Madam; I had the Advantage, but spared him for your sake, since I could not pierce his Breast without wounding yours.

Const. How ill does this Language become a Lover's Mouth.

Bast. And how ill does your Carriage become a virtuous Woman? S'death, could you not be content to receive his Visits in private, but you must make me Spectator of your Treachery? Must you triumph to gratify your Pride?

Const. I scorn your Accusations---since you can entertain a Thought to the Prejudice of my Virtue, you are unworthy of my Justification.

Bast. I shall not put you to the trouble of an Excuse, Madam. Laying it upon the Carelessness of Servants leaving open the Door, and his stumbling that way by accident, would be no no Purpose, because I know he had the same Passport with myself, a Key; and who shou'd give it him but you, and at such a Juncture too, you tim'd it to a Minute.

Const.

Const. Ha! a Key, which way got he a Key. — Ungrateful; have I refus'd that Lord you mention, when by my Father's strict Commands preferr'd! and ran the Hazard of a Parent's Hate for thee? For thee who dares to upbraid me thus — but thou hast cur'd my Folly; yes, I will tear thee from my Heart, and throw thee as a worthless Trifle by; but I owe so much to my Fame, to clear thy gross Mistake how my Lord came by that Key — I know not, nor of his coming to the Garden; or if I e'er admitted one Thought, that cou'd be favourable to his Love, may foul Contagion seize me; but what your Usage, may inspire me with, Time will produce, for from this Hour I'll never —

Basf. [*Falling on his Knees.*] Oh hold, I conjure thee, keep back that hasty Resolution, my charming Angel; forgive the Excess of faithful Love. My abject Fortune, when compar'd with his, wou'd a thousand racking Cares, and fear of losing what my Soul adores, transported me to Madness; pardon me now, and if I e'er offend again —

Const. I must again forgive you, is it not so? Why dost thou study to destroy my Quiet? Is Jealousie so requisite to prove we Love? No sure: Love is a soft and gentle Joy, and thou'd be fondled like a tender Infant; the rude surly Gusts of Passion, like *Easter* Winds, destroy it in the Bud.

Basf. Have I not Reason for my Fears, *Constantia*? when thy Father and thy Brother are both against me?

Const. No, not if all the World combin'd, whilst thou hast me.

Basf. Thou matchless Woman, how shall I requite thee? Life will be too short to do it. But when wilt thou compleat my Joys, and give thy Person with thy Heart? *Constantia*, I dread the Arrival of thy Brother's Friend; not that I fear thy Change — but he will importune thee, thy Father will command thee, and it will be difficult to find Objections against both; but when we are marry'd, and all Arguments fail to rid thee of their Sollicitations, that Discovery sets thee free at once.

Const. Have Patience but a while, my Love; I wou'd not do an Act of such Importance without my Father's Consent, if possible.

Basf. How dost thou hope to gain it?

Const. That I must think of.

Basf. But then thy Brother!

Const. His Love to *Camilla* will befriend us there, she's ours you know, and will scruple nothing for our Interest.

D

Basf.

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Bel. She is indeed a generous Friend, cou'd she not change your Brother's Purpose?

Const. She has not attempted it, and the Reason she gives for it is, shou'd he suspect her to favour any private Inclination of mine, he wou'd certainly prevail with my Father to send me into the Country; which wou'd not only intirely prevent her being serviceable to us, but, infallibly force me into the Arms of his Friend: For tho' my Father's Pride inclines to my Lord, yet his Tenderness to my Brother wou'd not suffer him to contradict his Purpose.

Bel. Do not defer my Happiness, *Constantia*—I'll be Father, Brother, Husband to thee; if thy Love does equal thy Expressions, what should deter thee from my Arms? True Love requires small Subsistence, our Constancy shall brave all Turns of Fate, and spight of Malice we will blefs each other.

Const. Duty commands me to try the gentlest way; I wou'd avoid all Violence with a Father; but this be certain of, my Love; not even he shall alter my Resolves, or bribe me to forgo my *Bess*; let him dispose of all his hoorded Wealth, that which my Uncle left me must be mine, and that with Love will be sufficient for us. If abandon'd by my Friends in *England*, then we will seek for more in foreign Nations. Whilst I have thee, I never shall repine, or wish for ought beyond thy Power to give.

Bel. And my Ambition's bounded in these Arms, Every Good that Nature can bestow And every Charm is center'd sure in thee. This single Room to me contains all Joy.

'Tis the wide World, and all I wish is here. [*Embraces her.*

Camilla's Maid within.] Who's that gone up Stairs?

Bel. within.] 'Tis I, I dropt one of my Gloves above.

Const. Ah Heav'n, I hear my Brother's Voice——If I am seen with thee we are ruin'd——which way shall I avoid him?

Bel. Ha! What shall we do——humph! I have it; give me your Mask, and go you down the back way, leave me to make my own Retreat. [*Exit Constantia. He puts on the Mask.*

Enter Bellvil.

Bel. Now for the Closet! Ha! z'death what Woman's that that with such Care avoids me? it must be sure my Sister——ha, a Man too, nay then 'tis past a Doubt——and *Camilla* must

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must be privy to their meeting: Sdeath, am I impos'd upon?
But I will be satisfy'd. [*Going and Bast. turns quick upon him.*

Bast. No Passage this way, Sir.

Bel. Mask'd! What are you, Sir? Some Russian come to
Rob the House, ha? I must and will pass this way.

Bast. You neither must nor shall, Sir, if you go to that.

Bel. Sdeath, Sir, unmask and tell me so, I'll not dispute it
with a Villain.

Bast. I am no Villain, Sir, yet shan't unmask, for some pri-
vate Reasons; but if you'll suspend your Curiosity and retire,
you shall have the Satisfaction of a Gentleman to Morrow where
you please.

Bel. Dam to Morrow, this to thy Heart.

Bast. That's your mistake, Sir. [*Draws and drives him out.*]

Enter Camilla and Maid.

Cam. You heedless Slut, why did you let him go up Stairs?

Maid. He was half way up before I heard him, Madam.

Cam. Ha! what Noise is that? Sure I heard the clashing of
Swords—I hope he did not meet the Colonel and *Constantia*—
Again! bless me my Heart trembles as if my Life were going;
if I shou'd assist their Loves, 'till I destroy my own now. With-
in there, fly and part 'em.

Enter Servants.

Serv. Part who, Madam?

Cam. Any Body you find engag'd.

[*The Servants cry Murder without.*]

Ha! Murder! what shall I do!

Enter Colonel Bastion.

Colonel, Is it you? What's the matter?

Bast. I have not time to tell you, Madam, but beg you'd
hide me somewhere, or 'tis impossible to escape *Belvil's* know-
ledge.

Cam. Here, here, step thro' this Door into *Constantia's* A-
partment, 'till the hurry be over.

[*Exit Bast.*]

Enter Bellvil.

What noise of Murder's that, *Belvil*? You have not kill'd any
Body, have you?

Bel. I suppose you know to the contrary, Madam, for if
my sight deceiv'd me not, the Spark return'd into your House.

D 2

Cam.

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Cam. What Spark do you mean? I fear he has discover'd poor *Constantia*.

Bel. Had not your Servants interpos'd, I shou'd have spoil'd his making Love for a Month perhaps; but if I find him —
[*Searches about.*]

Cam. Find who?

Bel. Ay, that's what I want, I wou'd know who he is.

Cam. Nay if you are ignorant of that, all's safe — This fiery Temper of yours, *Belvil*, is an excellent Qualification for a Husband; are you jealous of every Man you meet? What Insolence is this? Must my House be search'd whenever you please? I am my own Mistress, I hope, before Marriage, 'tis enough for you to Lord it after.

Bel. I scorn to insult an Enemy, much less my Mistress; but where my Honour is concern'd, give me leave to be as careful as I can.

Cam. Your Honour! What mean you? Can you suspect me of any Design against your Honour?

Bel. Oh *Camilla*! thou'rt no Stranger to my Meaning; tell me, what close design does my Sister drive in your House? for I am certain 'twas *Constantia* that you conceal'd within that Closet, and whoever this Fellow is, was with her: Confusion! shall an obscure Rascal privately supplant my Friend, to whom my Word is pass'd? No, if she refuse my Choice, by Hell she ne'er shall Marry.

Cam. How! *Belvil*? wou'd you presume to prescribe your Sister's Fate, and wrest the power of Heav'n's Decree? tho' I know nothing of *Constantia*'s Mind, I dare believe she scorns your base Description, she'll never wed below her Birth.

Bel. Then she does love it seems! and you are in the Secret, say who is this mighty Gentleman?

Cam. You are mad your self, and wou'd have others so; because I won't believe she loves below her self, does it therefore follow that she must love indeed? I tell you again, that I know nothing of her; the Lady you saw was another Friend of mine, and she was undress'd, and beg'd she might not be seen, which was the reason of her running into the Closet, the Gentleman was a Stranger to me.

Bel. Methinks this sounds just like Invention, but I love too well to break with her, and she's but too sensible of that. [*Aside.*]
Well

Well I will inquire no farther——Sdeath, but the Mask——
Why was he Mask'd?

Cam. Mask'd! was he Mask'd, say you? doubtless he had his
Reasons for it; every Man to his way, you know.

Bel. If his way lies not towards my Sister, Success to him;
if it does, let him look to't.

Cam. Envy'd Lovers often thrive the best:

Let Men pursue their strictest jealous Care,

We Women still can match 'em to a Hair.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE Constantia's Apartment.

Enter Colonel Bastion.

Bast. **H**ERE are so many People about this House, that
I cannot possibly get out; and if *Camilla* shou'd
have no opportunity to aprize *Constantia* of my being here,
she may be frightened: Ha! I hear some Body coming this way,
I'll step aside and listen, perhaps it may be she.

[*Exit between the Scenes.*]

Enter Florella and Lord Richlove.

Flor. Softly, my Lord.

Bast. peeping.] My Lord: What do I hear?

Flor. The next is my Lady's Bed-chamber——you'll be sure
to be civil——

Bast. Damnation——her Bed-chamber.

Lord. Oh! You may depend upon that, Child.

There, *Florella.*

[*Gives her Money.*]

Bast. *Florella!* ha!

Lord. Go, go, go, with me success, Wench.

[*Exit.*]

Flor. That I do with all my Heart, my Lord——Well, am
not I a Jade now, to put a Man into my Lady's Bed-chamber
without her Knowledge? But shou'd not I be a Fool to refuse
a Diamond Ring and two Broad pieces? ay certainly——I
have only drawn the Wine, she may chuse to Drink——besides
'tis a way to exercise her Virtue——no Body can boast of Ho-
nesty 'till they are try'd——I once thought my self proof

against

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against Temptation, but the dear, bewitching Gold has caught me; and the best way to reconcile it to my Conscience, is not to be too inquisitive into the Reasons by which I rise. [Ex.]

[Col. Bastion comes forward.]
Bast. 'Zdeath, introduc'd by her Maid! Hell and Furies, it cannot, surely, be by her Command; No, I Dream, and this is all Illusion; *Constantia's* mine, wholly mine, Chast as the New-born Day, or Buds of Roses, e'er the Winds have kiss'd 'em; This must be Treachery, the Maid's corrupted—— Why did I not seize and drag her to *Constantia*? Hold, that might have furnish'd her with an Excuse, and help'd to deceive my self—for she may be False! Who can judge the Heart of Woman—Here will I stay and wait the Event, Ha! She comes. [Enter *Constantia with a Candle*]. I Tremble, lest she shou'd be Guilty.

[Ex.]

Const. I admire I hear not from my Cousin——Pray Heav'n he be well, and 'scap'd unseen by *Belvil*. Oh Repose! thou Stranger to the Breasts of Lovers, when wilt thou return to bless me? An unusual Heaviness sits on my Spirits, as if some mighty Danger threaten'd me——If *Bastion's* safe, I care not what it be, for nought has Pow'r to shock my Soul wherein he's not concern'd——*Camilla* promis'd to pass the Evening with me, I wish she'd come, I'll go into my Chamber, and read something in *Cowley*.

[Ex.] *Bast.* comes forward.
Bast. She's gone: Now hold my Heart, and let my Ears inform me?

If Innocent, in her Defence I'll draw;
 If not, my own Revenge shall be my Law.

[Ex.]

SCENE draws, and discovers *Constantia* reading:
Lord Richlove enters softly behind her.

Const. Reads.] I try'd if Books cou'd cure my Love, but found, Love made 'em Nonsense all——

Lord. Reads over her Shoulder.] I apply'd Receipts of Beliefs to my Wound, but stirring did the Pain recall——

Const. Bless me! Who are you? [Rising up]

Lord. One that adores the fair *Constantia*.

Const. Astonishing! My Lord *Richlove* in my Chamber How got your Lordship Admittance here?

Lord

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Lord. Love, my Charmer, I find you know his Pow'r, therefore cannot be surpriz'd at his Liberty.

Const. Infolence! Does this Action become a Man of Honour, my Lord? Leave me instantly—I command you.

Lord. This Action becomes a Lover, Madam, and he that loves like me, is unable to quit the Object of his Wishes—Thus low, upon my Knees, I ask your Pardon, for intruding on your Privacies, and beg you'd favourably hear what I have to offer.

Const. Your Proceeding wears so ill a Face, my Lord, you cannot hope, with Favour, to be heard—— Coming like a Thief upon me, is not sure the way.

Lord. The only way that I could think of, Madam, to offer you a Heart intirely devoted to your Service; and with it all that I am Master of; so well I love, you shall be Mistress of my self and Fortune.

Const. I thank your Lordship—— But that you may not be deceiv'd, observe me well—— Were you Master of the spacious Globe, and at your Feet the trembling World bow'd down, I shoud' contemn all Offers you cou'd make, and with the same Coldness hear your Tale of Love. I'm not dispos'd to Marry.

Lord. How! Not dispos'd to Marry? Is there then a Happy Man to whose Arms you'd fly without it? I can dispence with Ceremony too, and be content to share with him your Favours. *[Approaching her.]*

Const. What mean you, my Lord?

Lord. What did you mean, Madam, when you flew into my Bosom in the Garden to Night? You did not design that kind Embrace for me.

Const. Stand off! and touch me not—— The Man that I mistook thee for, (for now I will own I love) holds more Virtues than all thy Ancestors could boast; and were he here, you durst not thus affront me.

Lord. Durst not—— By all the Injuries of flighted Love, I would enjoy thee even before his Face; Nay, struggle not, proud Beauty.

Enter Bastion.

Bast. By Heav'n she's spotless! Oh my kind Stars! This was a lucky Opportunity.

Const. Help, a Rape! a Rape! *[Struggles with him. Bast.]*

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Basf. Ravisher, let go the Lady, and take thy just Reward from me.

Const. *Basfion* here! [*Accidentally throws down the Candle.*]

Lord. Who are you, Sir? that dare to interfere with my Concerns. [*Draws.*] I am glad the Light's out, my Business is not to fight here, but make my Escape, if possible—

Basf. I answer Questions thus, Sir, where are you?

Const. Ah, Murder, Murder ——— Defend my Love, ye Pow'rs!

Enter Camilla, with a Candle.

Lord. Ha! a Candle! If you are a Gentleman, meet me in the Street immediately, and there I'll give you Satisfaction. [*Ex.*]

Basf. I'll follow you—

Const. Not for the Universe—

Cam. What's the matter here? Was not that my Lord?

Const. It was——Ha! the whole House is alarm'd, what shall I do? If *Basfion's* found I am undone.

Cam. Here, here, Colonel, this Door, you know, secures your Retreat back into my House——

Const. As you prize my Life, do not follow him; an Hour hence I'll quit this House, and thro' *Camilla's* meet thee, be ready to receive me.

Basf. Be certain of it, till when, thou Charmer of my Soul, Farewel. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir Roger, Bellvil, and Servants.

Sir Rog. What's the matter, Daughter?

Bel. Did I not hear Murder cry'd? *Constantia.*

Cam. Yes; and had you been a little quicker, might have seen the Cause; by what Contrivance I know not, but my Lord *Richlove* was here in your Sister's Chamber.

Bel. My Lord *Richlove* in my Sister's Chamber!

Const. And with foul Intentions too——Oh Sir, if you esteem me as a Sister, or you Sir, as a Child of yours, relieve me from this Brutal Passion.

Sir Rog. Brutal Passion! you Amaze me, I am sure he told me his Love was honourable.

Bel. Told you, Sir? Why, has he declar'd his Love to you?

Sir Rog. Why, yes, *Bellvil*, I must confess he did ask my leave to court her——And I cou'd not refuse a Man of his Birth, and Fortune, rudely.

Bel.

Bel. 'Sdeath! then you encourag'd him!

Sir Reg. Not absolutely encourag'd him——But if she cou'd have lik'd him——He's a Lord, you know!

Bel. Dam his Title——

Const. But less honourable than a Footman, he dragg'd me round the Room, and vow'd Revenge upon my Virtue; my Cries brought *Camilla* to my Aid, at sight of whom he fled, or Heav'n knows what I had suffer'd from his Violence.

Sir Reg. Say'st thou so! 'Od I'll banish him my House.

Bel. Confusion! Banish him the House! I'll banish him the World, if I can meet him.

Sir Reg. And I'll send him word so this Moment——Attempt the Honour of my Daughter!

Cam. *Belvil*, methinks, left the Room abruptly, I with the Consequence prove not fatal.

Const. I hope he will not find him——

Cam. Pray Heav'n he may not. Which way got my Lord in, think ye?

Const. I cannot guess——Nor by what Miracle *Bassian* came to my Relief.

Cam. I can unsiddle that part, I let him in thro' the little Door, to avoid *Belvil*'s seeing him——You'll excuse me, dear *Constantia*, I am under some Uneasiness for *Belvil*, and must endeavour to clear my Suspicion.

Const. Success attend thee——Here is no Safety left for me, I'll take Security in my *Bassian*'s Arms.

His constant Heart shall all my Fears remove,

And now my Duty shall give place to Love.

[*Ex.*]

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Timothy.

Tim. What a cursed Shambling Life is this of a Footman! Faith I think those Honest Gentlemen perfectly in the right that have forsworn the Livery, and set up their Coaches——Egad my Legs are fall'n away to Casticks——I was forc'd to have the Waist-band of my Breeches taken in a Quarter of a Yard——Sure Love is catching, for I am grown a meer Skeleton, and in a few Days more I shall be taken for my Master——'Tis a little hard tho', when I say I want my Dinners, ^Ereplica,

replies, I have no Stomach yet—and when I say I am Dry—he says, there is Tea in the Pot, drink that, 'twill quench your Thirst—and when I am so Sleepy I can't stand, he sends me upon the Scout—Here I'm to watch the opening of that Door—for it seems this Night he is to carry off his Mistress—Would he had her once, for this course of Life is very contrary to my Appetite—Suppose now I should be catch'd by some of the Family—and have my Nose cut off—or, any of the Neighbours should observe me sauntering about here, and mistake me for a Thief, and send me to *Newgate*—or, some Drunken Fellow stumble upon me, and break my Bones—'Od, methinks, I feel a Cudgel about my Ears already.

Enter Le Front.

Front. My Lord bid a me watch dis Door for a Shentleman's coming out, begar me believe it is some Rival—

Tim. Seeing him.] Ah! one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, a hundred—oh, oh, oh.

Front. Vat de Divel Noise is dat? I se no Body but my self mafoy—

Tim. Humph, ha,——I was mistaken, I think I see but one——I hope he's a Christian——I have a good mind to speak to him—I'll give him wondrous good Words——Pray, sweet Sir, do you want any thing hereabouts?

Front. Ha! Vat de Divel is dat to you?

Tim. Nay, don't be so angry, gentle Sir, I, L, L, I, ask you for no harm indeed, not I.

Front. You aske a me for no Harm, begar you be one Impertinent Fellow, to aske a me vat I do want; suppose I do want nothing, vat den, ha!

Tim. Why, if you have no very great Business Sir, I should be extreamly oblig'd to you, if you wou'd do me the Favour to quit this Street, Sir, because I have some small Affairs here—not of my own, I assure you, if they were you shou'd command me, but they are my Master's; now, Servants you know, Sir, must obey Orders.

Front. Now you must know, Sir, I have Business of my Master's too, therefore must stay Sir, and if you will take a my advice, go your self—begone——run.

Tim. Gently, good Sir, gently——I cannot run, for I am lame of one Leg.

Front.

Front. Dis Fellow is one dam Coward, masoy—Me vill exalt a me Voice [*Aside*] Mortblue, me vill make a you lame of de toder Leg too, if you don't leave dis Street presently—

Tim. I do intend to leave the Street Sir, for I cannot carry it away upon my Shoulders.

Front. A pox take a your Pun, I hate a your dam Scoundrel Wit begar.

Tim. Why, Sir, with Submission, you are but a Servant your self; you told me so just now.

Front. A Servant! Begar me bedde Gentleman to you—Me be de French Valet de Chambre to one Lord, and you be one Skipkennel masoy in the Livery; the Frenchman scorn de Livery, as much as de Irish do de Trade.

Tim. 'Egad, I'll try the Courage of this French Son of a Kickshaw—may be he loves fighting no more than I do, and if the worst come to the worst, that the Dog should be stout, I can but run away at last.

Front. Garfoons, why don't a you go, Sir—What be you studing for, ha! Friponer?

Tim. I am thinking, Sir, that a French Valet makes the best Pimp in the World.

Front. Pimp! Pimp a your self begar—de French a Man never Pimp—No, he taste always—Parblue, de English Lady, be tout jour at de French man Service.

Tim. I thought it was something indeed, that scatter'd the Pox about so plentifully—Are not you a Surgeon too, Monsieur Regent?

Front. Yes, Sir, every French man is by Nature, a Surgeon, Barber, and Dancing Master, masoy.

Tim. A Dancing Master! Ha, ha, ha, I thought as much, for I have seen your Country-men caper away before the Al-lies many a time; and hark ye, Monsieur! If you don't march off, I will play you such an English Courant, of flap-dash, presently, that shan't out of your Ears this Twelvemonth. Faith he's as great a Coward as I am, I'll keep my Ground, if I can, 'till my Master comes.

Front. You play a me flap-dash! Begar you had best be civil—Jernibblue, 'tis like a your English a Fashion—talk of the flap-dash to de Gentleman—

E 2

Tim.

The Perplex'd Lovers.

Tim. A Gentleman! How dare that Gentleman talk saucily to another Gentleman, better than himself?

Front. Oh parblue! a Gentleman Footman.

Tim. Sirrah there are Gentlemen Foot in my Country, that keep such Scoundrels as you to wipe their Shoes, and I have a good Mind to rip up your Paunch, and make a Frigafie of your Puddings, ye Dog.

Front. Begar me was mistaken in dis Fellow, I must give him good Words, masoy, or de *Engliss* Beise and Pudín will be in my Guts, begar.

Enter Lord Richlove.

Lord. Who are you talking with, *Le Front*?

Front. Ah! parblue, your Lordship come a *propos*.

Tim. So! here will be no staying for me I find: Who the Devil is this Lord?

Front. Here be one lousie Footman dat will stay here in spite of my Teeth, masoy.

Tim. A nitty Son of a Whore, who does he call lousie? this Dog would have me murder'd now——What shall I do, if I stay not, my Master will beat me, and if I do stay this Lord will cut my Throat.

Lord. Hark'ee Sirrah, who are you, that you won't leave this Place?

Tim. Who, I not leave this Place, Sir! I'll leave it with all my Blood Sir, this Minute; the Devil watch for *Timothy*.

[Exit running.]

Front. Begar me be very glad he is gone.

Lord. Well have you seen any Body come out of this House, *Le Front*?

Front. Not one Soul me Lor——but me Lor——have a you *sa la la la* [*sings a Minuet*] dance a de Minuet vid de Lady, me Lor? you understand me.

Lord. No, I was prevented; I believe by the Man I saw in the Garden.

Front. Did not your Lordship kill him?

Lord. No, 'tis him I expect here.

Front. Why where did your Lordship leave him?

Lord. In her Chamber.

Front. Ha, ha, ha, a very good Jest masoy, me warrant 'tis better employ'd, dan to come to *sa*, *sa*, wid your Lordship—he will have de duel vid de Lady first, parblue——me Lor take!

my Advice, make use of de Stratagem, fight like de King of France, politickly; and when he comes out, let your Lordship's Footmen sieze him, and make a one Eunuch of him to supply *Valentinus's* Place in de Opera me Los, begar dat will revenge your Lordship very well.

Lord. Away, Blockhead! I scorn to take Advantage of him—If he's a Gentleman he shall have fair play for his Life, therefore be gone and leave me, I hear some Body coming, I'll observe.

[*Exit between the Scenes.*]

Front. Vid all mine Heart masoy, me no love fighting since Wounds were in Fashion, de Divel rides post upon de *Englisb* Sword, quite thro' de *Frenchman's* Body, begar. [*Exit.*]

Enter Col. Bastion.

Bast. I left my Man hereabouts, where can he be? *Tim, Tim,*—he's either gone to stuff his Guts now, or fallen fast asleep—sure *Constantia's* not come out.

Lord. Peeping.] Who can this be? he seems as if he waited here for some Body, perhaps 'tis he I want.

Bast. What's that? Sure I heard a Noise; *Tim, hift, Tim,* where are you, *Sirrah?*

Lord. Ha! I'll answer to the Call, and try what I can discover—Here, Sir, here.

Bast. Here, you Rascal! where have you been lasking? Have you seen *Constantia*, *Sirrah?*

Lord. No, Sir, no Body has appear'd yet——S'dearb, *Constantia!* it must be him.

Bast. I have a Coach ready at the Corner of the Street to convey her hence, and then you may sleep to Eternity, *Sirrah.*

Lord. To convey her hence! Lucky Discovery; I may spoil your Design perhaps.

Constantia above in the Balcony.] Hift, hift, are you there my Love.

Lord and Bast. together.] Yes my Angel, make haste, I'm ready to receive thee.

Const. I come, I come. [*Exit.*]

Bast. How now Saucebox, who bid you answer?

Lord. He that dares return your Saucebox, Villain have I caught you!

Bast. Are you there, my Lord—I am ready for you; it o' I wish you had ta'en another time. [*Flings from him.*]

Lord. So do I, because now I wait to carry hence *Constantia*; you heard her say she was coming. *Bast.*

The Perplex'd Lovers.

Bass. But not to you; have at you, the Justice of my Cause shall light my Sword to find a Ravisher's Heart.

Lord. And Love shall guide my Arm to disappoint thy Joys.

Bass. Come on, I am not us'd to fear. *[They fight off.]*

Enter Le Front.

Front. Sa, sa, sa, me no like a dat Musick: If my Lor should kill a dat Gentleman now—why den far him well—but if dat Gentleman shou'd kill a me Lor, why if me had his Estate, he might go to de Devil, begar.

Enter Constantia.

Const. Where are you, my Life?

Front. Ha! What's dat? de Lady call me her Life, she take a me for some Body——par blue, and she shall find a me some Body too; de *French* a Man be very good for de Lady.

Const. Where are you, my Dear? *[Groping about.]*

Front. Here, here, my Dear. *[Softly.]*

[She runs into his Arms, he kisses her eagerly.]
begar she kiss a purely.

Const. Now we'll part no more.

Front. No more? dat is too long masoy; me please a you for one two tree Hours very well—but for ever!——Me beg a your Pardon for dat, Madam.

Const. *[flings from him.]* Ah! who are you, Sir?

Front. Me be one very pretty Playing for de Lady.

Const. I ask your Pardon, Sir, I was mistaken——What Wretches Hands have I fall'n into? Sure I did hear *Bassion's* Voice?

Front. Mistaken——begar you must not be mistaken, Madam, for you have make a me one very good Stomach for de Woman, and begar me vill no starve, and de Vittles so near me.

Const. Away Scoundrel; that for your Insolence. *[Lays hold of her.]*

[Strikes him a Box on the Ear.]

Front. De Divel take your Mutton Fist, Jerney blue, me have a good Mind to knock you down begar.

Const. In my Conscience I believe him——sure *Bassion* was here, if not he won't be long; I'll slip back into the House——*[Exit.]*

Front. De Divel how my Cheeks glow——you be one gran Salup, Masoy, me will be revenge——What, be she gon? now

now pox take her, she is nimble at both ends begar; de *Englisch* be de dam uncivil Nation, here is nothing but de Foot, and de Finger—de *French* accept de Stranger, *Tout jour avec de Complotane com, sa*

Voter servitaire Monsieur tres bumblemment;

De English kick a de Breech, and slap a de dents. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE Continues.

Enter Bellvil, solus.

Bel. I Have drove from Tavern to Tavern, from Chocolate-House to Chocolate-House, but can hear nothing of my Lord *Richlove*. I fancy he is lurking somewhere about our House-still——kind Fortune direct my Eyes to find him, then if Revenge forsake me I'll forgive him.

Const. peeping. Sure this is *Bessien*! and yet my Fears alarm me so I know not what I had best to do; if I again mistake, it may be dangerous, yet if it shou'd be him, and I not meet him, what cou'd he think? he wou'd conclude I lov'd him not, and that wou'd break his Heart; therefore I'll on, Inclination's an undaunted Guide. Hift, hift.

Bel. Ha! *Camilla's* Door open, and a Signal given! what Intrigue has she on foot? I'll return it however. Hift, here, here. [*Softly.*

Enter Constantia.

Const. softly. Where, where have you been, my Dear? indeed it was unkind to make me wait so long.

Bel. Ha! so long! Damnation.

Const. Come let us retire least we be discover'd; if we shou'd, *Belvil* wou'd pursue thee to Death, and me to Ruin.

Bel. I can hold no longer: You have mistook your Man, Adam—but if your Ladieship will inform me who he is, I'll conduct you to him, perfidious Woman——

Const. Ah! my Brother! oh miserable me, what shall I say! now I'm inevitably lost; sure some spiteful Planet reigns this night, destin'd by Fate to overthrow our Loves——

Bel.

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Bel. My Lord! wou'd I had met his Lordship: Confusion! What Dog is this?

Const. Kind Fortune bring me some Relief. [*Aside.*]

Bel. Is this your Creature to convey you to the Arms of your Gallant, Madam?

Tim. Madam! bo, ho, have you got her then, od that's rare faith: I wish you much Joy, Madam; I just come from drinking your Health in, in, in, right *French* Brandy, or the Rogue has cheated me damnably.

Bel. Rascal, Pander, Villian, [*beats him.*] Sirrah, whose Scoundrel are you?

Const. Ah! poor *Tim*! but I shall take the Opportunity, and not stay to part you. [*Exit.*]

Tim. Zounds what Tartar's Mouth have I popt into?

Bel. Speak, Hang-dog—Who do you look for? And what business have you here?

Tim. I can never answer Questions in the middle of Blows, Sir,—for I have a sort of an Impediment in my Speech, [*Hiccups.*] which holds great Communication with my Shoulders—

Bel. Have you so, Sirrah, then I'll break that Communication ye Dog; I'll make you answer me, Sirrah.

Tim. Castigation always shuts up my Mouth profoundly, Sir.

Bel. 'Sdeath, answer me to the purpose, or I'll rip up a hundred Mouths in you. [*Draws.*]

Tim. Ay, if you do, Sir, I'll be hang'd if I shall speak at e'er a one of them—ah Lord, a Sword, put it up, good Sir, put it up, or I shall swoon away—when my Mother was with Child of me, she was frighted at a naked Sword, and I never cou'd endure the sight of one since, oh, oh, oh, oh; I am very sick upon my Faith.

Bel. You Cowardly Rascal! say then who did you expect to meet here?

Enter Camilla.

Cam. I cannot find *Belvil* for my Life, nor hear of him no where.

Tim. Why, why, why, I expected to find my Master here, Sir.

Cam. Ha! what's that?

Bel. And who is your Master, Sirrah?

F

Cam.

Cam. 'Tis *Belvil's* Voice.

Tim. Why my Master is a Gentleman, Sir, I assure you.

Bel. A Gentleman, Sir, and has that Gentleman no Name? 'Sdeath don't trifle, Rascal. [*Slaps him with his Sword.*]

Tim. Name! look ye there now, that Sword has frighed his Name quite out of my Head, upon my Soul, Sir.

Bel. Find it again ye Dog, or this Moment is your last.

Tim. Ah! Murder! Murder!

Cam. How's this? Murder—in the name of Goodness what's the matter, *Belvil*? What are you doing to the poor Fellow?

Bel. Oh you can find your Tongue now, Madam, in behalf of your Emiffary. [*Turns to her.*]

Tim. Egad and I can find my Legs too, the Danger has frighted the Brandy quite out of my Head, and now my Courage lies all in my Heels. [*Runs out.*]

Cam. My Emiffary!

Bel. Yes, your Pander, the cursed Pander to your Inclination, but I'll be reveng'd on him however—Ha! What is he gone? Confound him—but no matter, I am not that Fool which you imagin'd—nor you the Woman I took you for; I'm not to be impos'd upon, Madam.

Cam. Sure you are distracted, *Belvil*—What Imposition do you mean? Was it an Imposition to prevent your murdering a poor Wretch—or, when your Passion's up, must you discharge it upon all that comes in your way?

Bel. No Evasions, Madam, can excuse you; you would not have me think I dreamt all this?

Cam. All what?

Bel. So! you are a Stranger to what's past, I warrant, you run into my Arms without design—Come let's retire, if we're discover'd *Belvil* will pursue thee to Death, and me to Ruin—You did not say them words neither—no, you are innocent of all—and who this Fellow is that got drunk with drinking your Health's as much unknown to you as the Cham of *Tartary*.

Cam. You are directly in the right on't, for I am a Stranger to all your Accusations.

Bel. Thou hast an Assurance beyond all Parallel.

Cam. I suspect *Constantia* was the Woman, and she has mistook her Brother for the Colonel, for that was certainly *Timothy*.

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thy by his Cowardice: Pray, Sir, where did I speak them kind Words?

Bel. Positively that Question has struck me dumb—and from this moment I shall think it loss of time to converse with you—

You can't by all your Cunning clear your Fame, Or e'er induce me to believe you more:

Thus I cancel every Vow I made you, And with this Breath I drive the Tyrant Love away.

Cam. So incredulous! so insolently bold! Then 'tis time to assume the Pride of Innocence, The strongest, surest Guard my Sex can boast.

Know Ingrate—

I equally scorn your Love, and base Aspersions; You think your self commission'd to be rude,

And Nature form'd you for no other End But to insult and ruin Womankind:

Your flattering Oaths, and endless Perjuries, Are Tools you use to forward your Deceit.

But when you think you have us in your Pow'r, You quit the Mask, and show the Man all o'er: Happy is she that trusts you not too far,

Who can retreat, and pay you with Contempt.

Bel. Right Woman! when no Excuses can be found, their best Sanctuary lies in Impudence.

Cam. I smile to think of thy affected Freedom, And read the Weakness of thy purpos'd Thought.

You, Coward like, now boast of what you'll do, But cannot act the saucy Scene quite out:

Yes, I shall have you trembling at my Feet, Begging Forgiveness from my injur'd Heart, But I will use thee as thy Crime deserves:

As what I've said was credited by you, 'twill so much Pity shall you find from me:

'twill teach your haughty Temper to submit, And all your Sex shall own a Woman's Wit.

Bel. Arrogance we all know you have enough. Death and Hell, is it possible that she can dare to deny her Falseness—and to my Face——just in the very Face——she's the Epitome of Womankind——the very Quintessence of Treachery——Marry her!

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her! no, 'tis safer to accompany with a Crocodile—nor from this Moment shall my Sister see her—she that can cater for her self so well, is of dangerous Conversation—my Father shall lock her up this Moment, 'till my Friend arrives.

Enter Colonel Merryman singing

Mer. When I was young, a Soldier and strong,

'Twas Musick to hear the Drums rattle;

But now I am old, and the Weather is cold,

My chiefest Delight is my Bottle.

Bel. Ho, here's her Father strouling from the Tavern I suppose. *[Going.]*

pose, I'll avoid him.

Mer. Who's that, that wou'd avoid me? ha! I never flinch'd in my Life, old Boy—and Faith I'll know who you are—*[Lays hold on Bellvil.]* Ha! *Bellvil*—why what wou'dst thou thun thy Uncle, Boy? ha, the Devil's in these young Fellows when they are in Love—they hate the Company of every Body which are not infected with their Dissemper—why what thou camest out of my House now I warrant, didst thou not, ha?

Bel. No indeed, Sir, not I.

Mer. Come, come, young Man, don't lye for the matter—I am acquainted with your Pretensions, *Camilla* has told me all—she has ten thousand Pound Boy, that I can't hinder her of, and I shall leave her a Loaf when I die—and let her chuse for her self and welcome—but methinks, Kinsman, you might have made your Love known to me—why what Man, Cousins may couple for all their Affinity—I don't take it kindly, *Bellvil*, faith I don't—why what, cou'd not we have smoak'd a Pipe and crack'd a Bottle together, and settled Matters in order for the cracking my Daughter's Pipkin, ha?

Bel. I don't understand you, Sir, I have nothing to say to your Daughter upon my word, Sir.

Mer. How! nothing to say to my Daughter, that's good I faith—a fly young Rogue this, why I tell thee she has let me into the Secret.

Bel. Ay, Sir, that may be—perhaps your Daughter may let more Men into the Secret, than either you or I may know of, old Gentleman.

Mer. Why what do you mean, ha? my Daughter let Me into her Secrets! you had best have a care what you say, you Man, do you hear?

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Bel. Look ye, Uncle, I have this Secret to tell you, that I care not if the whole Town were acquainted with every Secret about her——for that I never intend to marry her, is as true as that I know her too well to make a Wife on.

Mer. Too well to make a Wife on! 'Sdeath ye Dog, you han't made a Whore of your Cousin, have you? Sirrah, Sirrah, if you have forc'd the Lines, e'en carry off the Baggage, you Rogue——Zounds, old as I am I'll have a push with you yet; Draw, Sirrah, by the Scars of *Hoeslet* I'll not remember thou'rt my Brother's Son, but use thee like a *Frenchman*, Sirrah——

Bel. But I shan't forget that you are my Father's Brother, Sir, nor will I fight you——therefore pray let your *Hoeslet* Fury cool——go home and lock up your Daughter, that's your best Security; I assure you I shall never force any Lines belonging to your Family, nor so much as make the least Attempt upon her Cover'd Way——and so farewell, Uncle, [*Exit.*]

Mer. Here's a Dog now! Zounds, he shan't carry it off thus——by the Fame of *Ramilly* I'll have Satisfaction, if I follow him to the *Indies*——Not attempt my Daughter's Cover'd Way——Bullets, Balls and Cannons, he shall make a Lodgment there in spite of all the Mines his Inconstancy can spring. [*Exit.*]

Enter Colonel Bastion.

Bast. A Pox of this secular Prince of Darknes, the Corstable, there is no disputing with his Mirmidons; had it not been for his Authority, I shou'd have paid his Lordship for his untimely Attendance! A Curse of all Ill Luck, I fear *Constantia*'s lost by this unlucky Accident! What can she imagine? She must conclude me all that's Base, and think me most unworthy of her Love——Sure, Fate takes Pleasure still to cross my Hopes, and render my Endeavours vain——All is silent as the Grave; not the least Whisper of a Voice! Where can this Servant of mine be? Death, I could shake the Villain in- to Atomes, if I had him.

Enter Le Front.

Front. No News of my Lor yet, begar.

Bast. Oh, are you come, Sirrah——How durst you stir from your Post, ye Dog? [*Beats him.*]

Front. Post! Begar your Lordship post a me no where; what

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what do you beat a me for? De Divel' be in all de Folks to Night, I tink.

Bass. Ha! I have fall'n fout upon some Lord's Servant, it seems.

Front. I desire your Lorship discharge me; de Valet de Chamber can no digest a de Blow, mafoy.

Bass. Prithee get thee about thy Business, and don't trouble me with thy Jargon, I thought I had struck my own Servant; I am sorry for the Mistake.

Front. What de Divel, are not you my Lor den? Pox take a your Servant——Parblue, my Lor shall know your gran Civility to his Gentleman.

Bass. Pray, what Lord do you serve, Pultroon?

Front. Pultroon! Begar me no like his Compliment——Me serve a me Lor *Richlove*, Sir; what have you to say to him! ha! Sir?

Bass. Nothing Sir, only I beg the Favour of your Gentlemanship, to carry him that, and that, and that, Sir. [*Kicks him.*]

Front. A very fine Present, begar.

Bass. And tell him, he sent them, that would have sent his Lordship to the Devil to Night, if he had not been prevented.

Front. Monsieur, begar me no like a de Mesage, you please to send a your own Servant, dat my Lor may return de Fa-vour——J'rney blue, me hate a de English, more den de Turk, begar.

Bass. Do you dispute it, Mungril? Begone, or I shall give you twice as much

Front. Me take a your word for dat, begar, me no stay for de proofe. [*Exit.*] *Enter on the other side Col. Merryman.*

Bass. Who's this?

Mer. Where cou'd I miss this Rogue——'Od I'll find him e'er I sleep, if I Die for't. [*Runs against Col. Bastion.*] Ho, ho, have I found you? Draw, you young Dog, draw, or I'll Spitlock you like an Eel, Sirrah, not attempt my Daughter's Cover'd-way, quotha.

Bass. Zdheart, who's this? Tis not sure *Constantia's* Father; what does he mean by Cover'd-way?

Mer. What's that you mutter, ha, Sir!

Bass. I suppose you mistake your Man Sir, pray whom do you seek?

Mer.

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Mer. Whom do I seek? Why I seek *Bellwill*, Sir *Roger Mer-ryman's* Son Sir——now if you be not him, I beg your Par-don.

Bast. I thought you was mistaken, Sir, I am not him I as-sure you, Sir——I think 'tis *Col. Merryman*.

Mer. The very same Sir——Who are you? ha! by your Voice you shou'd be *Col. Bastion*.

Bast. At your Service, Sir.

Mer. What, my Hero! Why how dost thou do, Boy?

Bast. Pray what's the occasion of your Quarrel with your Kinsman?

Mer. Hang him, he's no Kinsman of mine, but no matter for that——Thereby hangs a Tale, which you must not know, Sir.

Bast. I am not over-curious, Colonel.

Mer. Shall we take a Bottle, my Boy?

Bast. Another time, Colonel, but at present I'm engag'd.

Mer. Some Female Affignation——I warrant; well I am a Well-wisher to the soft Sex still, tho' Age has Cashier'd the Pleasure——Success attend thee. [*Ex.*

Bast. What can his Quarrel be with *Bellwill*? Is he a Stranger to his Love for *Camilla*?

Enter Bellwill.

Bel. So, I have dropp'd this old drunken Fellow at last; I met my Lord *Richlove's* Valet with a Link before him just now, perhaps his Lordship mayn't be far off.

[*Perceiving Colonel Bastion, runs and catches hold of him.*
Who are you, Sir, sculking so near this House?

Bast. Death, Sir, who are you that dare to ask that Question?

[*They struggle together.*

Bel. Nay struggle not, for I'll know who you are before you and I part. A Light, a Light, a Light there.

Enter Link-Boy.

Link-b. Here, Master.

Bel. Colonel! Is it you? I thought you had been on your Way to *Flanders* by this time: Where have you been poaching?

Bast. Ha! *Constantia's* Brother!——The Coach does not let out 'till six: I came now from the *Rose*, where with two or three honest Fellows I have been drinking a Farewel to old *England*,

The Perplex'd Lovers.

England, and Success to the next Campaign. I had like to have had a Duel with Colonel *Merryman*, he took me for you: Pray, Sir, what Quarrel have you with one another?

Bel. The natural Antipathy Age has to Youth, I know of none else—he was in his Cups, I suppose.

Basf. But who did you take me for?

Bel. Not for him I assure you; so a good Journey to you, Captain. [Exit.]

Basf. Thank you Sir—he's gone into his own House—What can the Meaning of this be! I must endeavour to see *Camilla*; 'tis break of Day, an unseasonable Hour to visit a Lady, but the Impatience I am under of clearing my self to *Constantia*, will break in upon Ceremony at this time—Oh Fortune, bethou once propitious, and give me full Possession of my Love, or make me lose the Memory of her Charms.

Link-b. Where shall I light you to, Master?

Basf. No where; be gone—ha!—[Exit Link-bey.] Colonel *Merryman* and Lord *Richlove* in Conversation! I'll wait Revenge for once, and listen to the Consequence. [Withdraws.]

Enter Col. Merryman and Lord Richlove.

Mer. Why here has been strange Mistakes, my Lord! Should you have carry'd off my Neice, say you?

Lord. Most certainly--If I had not been prevented, as I told you.

Mer. Who could that Man be?

Lord. I wish I knew him, Colonel; I fancy it must be him her Brother designs her for.

Mer. He is not yet arriv'd, that I know of.

Lord. I think it very unnatural in *Belvil*, to force his Sister's Inclinations, even against a Father's Choice.

Mer. Hang him, my Lord, he's a perfect Humourist; I wish I could plague him a little—I hope I may credit your Lordship's Assertion? You say my Neice *Constantia* really loves you, my Lord?

Lord. Upon my Honour, Colonel, she has met me in the Garden, admitted me privately into her Bed-Chamber, and was to have carried her off this Night—If I can deceive this old Fellow, and draw him over to my Interest, I may chance to carry my Design yet.

Mer. Nay! if once a Woman admits a Man into her Bed-Chamber, she has a Design of admitting him elsewhere that certain--Well give me your Hand, my Lord, by the Honour of Britain I'll serve you if I can.

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Bast. Say you so, old Gentleman.

[*Aside.*

Lord. I thank you, Colonel; but how shall I see *Constantia*? for I doubt this last Accident has doubled *Belvil's* Care; if I could be introduc'd into the Family under some Disguise, we might find an Opportunity for her Escape.

Mer. Humph, Disguise, say you? What think you of a *Grecian* now? O, your Lordship wou'd make a jolly *Grecian*, and you shall sell Perfumes, Wash-Balls, Chocolate and so forth—I promised my Niece some Chocolate, and you shall go from me.

Lord. I like the Contrivance! But Colonel, your Quarrel with *Belvil* may be an Obstacle in my way; suppose I shou'd meet with him, perhaps your Name wou'd not give me Admittance, what shall I do then?

Mer. Right! We must send against that——Now I think on't, I'll introduce you my self—you are sure my Niece loves you, and that you have my Brother's Consent, my Lord!

Lord. Most certainly, Colonel; I hope you don't think I'd impose upon you?

Mer. No Faith, my Lord, I hope you don't; therefore away, get the Dress, and the rest of the Perquisites, and fear nothing; I'll carry you into her Apartment, and leave you to make the Discovery——

Lord. Let me come there once, and then——

Mer. Ay, and then there will be such Cooing and Billing, ha, ha, ha! well, well, I have had my Day, as *Dryden* says—and so speed your Love, I say. The very Thought of disappointing this young Dog's Design will give me equal Pleasure, my Lord, it will run through my Veins like the Joy of Victory: I'll expect you at my House, my Lord----Not marry my Daughter! Zounds he shall sweat beneath the Fascines of Matrimony, before I have done with him.

Lord. I'll wait on you with all the Speed possibly I can, Colonel. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Colonel Bastion.

Bast. Here's a Villain now; he has impos'd upon Colonel *Meriman*, and hopes to carry his Design by Treachery, but I'll counterplot your Policy; first let me inform the Ladies of this, then I'll take Care of your *Grecian* Lordship.

[*Knocks at Camilla's Door.*

Camilla

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Camilla in the Balcony.] Who's at the Door?

Bass. 'Tis *Camilla's* Voice.

Cam. Colonel!

Bass. The same.

Cam. Stay, I'll come down this Moment.

Bass. Pray Heav'n *Constantia* may be with her: I know not why; but methinks a Heavineſs hangs on my Heart, that almoſt chokes my Speech.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Camilla.

Cam. Oh! Colonel, your Affairs wear an ill Face at preſent. Was not you to have met my Couſin this Night?

Bass. I was, but by an Accident I ſaw her not.

Cam. Nay, there were more Accidents than one, I can tell you: She fell into her Brother's Hands, inſtead of yours.

Bass. Unfortunate! Into her Brother's Hands?

Cam. But by her coming out of my Houſe, he miſtook her for me; and after ſhe had made her Escape——

Bass. Bleſt Sound! Did ſhe eſcape undiscover'd? By what Miracle?

Cam. I know not, but undiscover'd I am ſure ſhe did; for I coming by accidentally, met the Shock of his Fury, he ſtill charging me with what had happen'd--- and poor *Timothy* felt the Effects on't too.

Bass. Hang him, Rascal, no Matter if his Bones had been broke, ſo that had been the worth.

Cam. The Miſtake has created an eternal Quarrel between me and *Belvil*, his Paſſion wou'd not let him hear Reaſon, nor my Pride permit me to undeceive him.

Bass. I am unhappy every way; can you forgive my being the unfortunate Cauſe, Madam?

Cam. Let not that trouble you, Colonel; but think which way to ſee *Constantia*; for but now, as ſhe was coming to me, her Brother ſurpriz'd her, and cauſ'd the Door between our Apartments to be nail'd up.

Bass. Mithievous Turn of Fate—— This is an unforeſeen Shock, what ſhall I do now? If I ſhou'd kill this Lord, it can't advance my Cauſe--- nor give me Entrance to my Love--- Something muſt be thought on to convey me into the Houſe. I have Buſineſs of moment to impart to you, and to my Dear *Constantia*; don't you think it poſſible to ſpeak to her thro' the Door?

Cam.

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Cam. I believe it may, if you please to wait in we'll try:
'Tis broad Daylight; Heav'n send the Day prove more propi-
tious than the Night has done. *[Exit.]*

Bel. From thence we'll take our Measures.

*I shall at least detect my Lord's Design,
And clear your Cause, whatever comes of mine. [Exit.]*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE Constantia's Apartment.

Constantia talking thro' the Door.

Const. I'll observe my Cue, never fear it. Hail my Bro-
ther!

Enter Bellvil.

Bel. How's this, talking thro' the Door?--Sister, if you valu'd
your Reputation, you'd not take your Confinement ill, nor en-
deavour to hold a Correspondence thro' a Door, which I had
Reasons for nailing up.

Const. Then you ought to have let me into your Reasons,
Brother, and not make my Father's House a Jail to me.

Bel. Bating *Camilla*, you shall have what Company you
will; I lov'd her once--once did I say! alas I find I do so still,
and therefore won't expose her; but be assur'd there is a Cause,
yes, and a just one too, for my proceeding. I expect Sir *Phi-*
lip by the first fair Wind; when you are marry'd my Care is
over, and you'll have Liberty to converse with who you please;
then you may renew your Friendship, Sister, but not 'till then,
I assure you.

Const. Then I'm afraid we have taken leave for ever.

Bel. How, *Constantia*!

Const. Nay frown not, Brother, you cannot force my Will:
What Privilege has Nature given you? Why shou'd you dictate
to my Heart, or point the Man that thou'd reign Lord of me?
Must tell you, Sir, this ungenerous Action makes me look
with Strangers. Eyes upon you, and weakens much the Affe-
ctions of a Sister.

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Bel.

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Bel. Most Heroically spoken——Now let me tell you something; this haughty Speech has such an awkward Air, that it seems to be but just acquir'd; let me advise you, give the Study over, for Passion in your Sex, is like Vanity in ours, very unbecoming, and rarely conquers ought but Fools and Cowards——Look ye, *Constantia*, I am positively resolv'd to have the Knight for my Brother-in-Law; now he has no Sister, and I none but you, then judge how the Alliance must come.

Tim. within.] Buy any *British* Cloth or Holland, Kentins, Cambricks or Muslin——buy any fine Bone-Lace within?

Const. Well, Brother, if Heav'n designs Sir *Philip* for my Husband, I must submit; if not, there will be some way found to make you do so; then let Time decide this Matter. *Florella!*

Bel. With all my Heart.

Enter Florella.

Tim. within.] Buy any *British* Cloth within?

Const. Call that *Scotchman*, I want some Muslin.

Flor. Yes, Madam.

Flor. Re-enters with Tim. in a Scotch Pedler's Habit, with a Pack upon his Back. [Exit.

Tim. 'Tis plaguy heavy, Heav'n send me fairly rid of it. [Aside.

Const. Have you any very fine Muslin, Friend?

Tim. Yes in troth have I, Madam, the finest for yer use in aw South or North *Briton*.

Const. Come into the next Room, and show it me.

Tim. Troth will I, Madam; he's ne *Briton*, that wo not gang with a Beny Lafs. [Ex. Tim. and Const.

Flor. Here's a Letter for you, Sir; a Porter brought it, but said it requir'd no Answer—I resolve to clear the Mistake 'twix him and *Camilla*, that I may get rid of him, in order to serve my Lord——for he is very generous, and the stricter he confines my Lady, the better for his Lordship, provided I can but secure *Belwil*; this Letter I hope will do't. [Aside.

Bel. reads.] What's here! *I would not have you credit this less for coming from an unknown Hand, nor think your self in the wrong if you ask Camilla's Pardon, for it was not she, but Constantia that run into your Arms last Night.* Ha! *Constantia!* Hell and Furies; has she then a Lover of her own? this jumps with what she said but now: How have I been impos-

upon

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upon? *Constantia*! if it be so, how shall I see *Camilla's* Face, or dare to approach that injur'd Maid? if it were not *Camilla*, she came out of *Camilla's* House, that I am positive of, and therefore she must be privy to the Intrigue: Now I fear my Suspicions were but too true, it was my Sister which I saw, and that Villain in the Mask was the very Man——oh that I knew him but——Zdeath how am I confounded! hark ye, *Florella*.

Flor. It takes as I wou'd have it. [*Aside.*]

Bel. Do you know any Gentleman that makes Pretensions to your Mistress?

Flor. Mum! I'll play my Cards sure, no Confession in *forma pauperis*, he never Fees, and therefore shall know no more than will serve my turn——who I Sir? not I indeed, Sir.

Bel. You ye——this Letter says there is a Man she likes.

Flor. Why, Sir, do you think my Lady tells me who she likes? some pitiful mischief-making Villain now has done this, to bespatter my Lady's Fame.

Bel. Ah! this Jade has all her paces, true as Steel to her Mistress, there is nothing to be done this way. I'll to *Camilla's*, own my fault, ask her Pardon, and try by gentle means to find the truth: Go bid *Tom* draw the Nails of that Door again——I'll make my Visit that way.

Flor. Any way, so I am but rid of you. [*Going.*]

Bel. And do you hear, Lock the Street Door and bring me the Key, I'll prevent her Elopement, except she leaps the Window.

Flor. The Key! which way will my Lord get in then? [*Ex.*]

SCENE draws and discovers *Constantia* and *Timothy* uncording the Pack, from whence comes out *Colonel* Bastion.

Tim. Egad he has almost broke my Back——he is consumed heavy, considering he has not made a good Meal these three Months——Here, Madam, here's a charming piece of Cloth for your wear, here's *Cambrick*, *Kentin* and *Callico* for you, all in a Lot——oh would you were in a *Holland Wrapper* together.

[*They run and Embrace.*]

Const. Oh my *Bastion*! Do I hold thee in my Arms once more?

Bel.

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Basf. My Love, my Life, my dear *Constance*, oh let us life and tie that Knot, which keeps me ever here: Haste I conjure thee, by our mutual Love, let me convey thee hence this Moment now, else I fear thou never wilt be mine——

Conss. Not thine! By the most sacred Ties of Love, I ne'er will be another's.

Basf. Alas thou can'st not promise that—— Fortune seldom takes the juster Side, and faithful Lovers are not always happy: Then prithee suffer thy self to be carry'd out the same way I came in, now before your Uncle and that Lord arrives. I have taken care of a Parson that shall make us one for ever.

Conss. But how wilt thou get out thence, undiscover'd?

Basf. I do not mean to do it; let me but secure thee, I'll stay on Purpose to confront that Villain, and see him punish'd as his Crimes deserve; then unsuspected still of loving thee, flee to this dear Bosom.

Conss. Well my Love thou shalt be obey'd; tho' 'tis an odd way to be roll'd up in a Pack; but I have read that *Cleopatra* did so, and sure I do not love thee less, than she did *Cæsar*.

Tim. So, now I am to have her upon my Back; egad that's quite wrong tho'.

Enter Florella.

Flor. The Colonel here! and as I live *Timothy* the Scotchman—— I wonder'd indeed she wanted to buy Muslins of a Pedlar.

Basf. Come be quick, my Love.

Flor. Ay, you may be as quick as you please, but the Street Door is lock'd up, and your Brother has taken the Key with him to *Camilla's*.

Conss. To *Camilla's*! why, is he gone thither, say you?

Basf. Unlucky Turn——

Flor. Yes, Madam, and thro' your private Door too. Some Body sent him a Letter, what was in it I know not, but when he had read it, he ask'd me if I knew of any private Admirer you had, seem'd in a great Fury, snap'd me up, when I told him I did not, with You lye, you do. But I had too much Concern for your Welfare, Madam, to betray the Colonel.

Basf. Too well I know thee, but 'tis not time yet to clear Accounts.

Conss. We are certainly betray'd, and *Bellvill* knows I love thee. *Basf.*

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Basf. Then let him know it, I am a Gentleman, and scorn to quit my Pretensions, or disown 'em, tho' ten thousand Danger threaten'd me.

Tim. Oh the Devil, I shall be peck'd, with a Pox to me, by and by I fear.

Basf. And yet I know not why, but I wish that thou wert safe out of this House, methinks.

Const. Hark, I hear a Noise, for Heav'n's sake don't let my Brother see you if possible; here, here, help, *Tim.* to make up your Pack again; *Florella*, shut that Door.

[*They seem to buddle up the Colonel, the Scene shuts.*
Enter Bellvil and Camilla.

Bel. Nay, fly me not, *Camilla*, I own my Fault, and am convinced that I have done you Wrong.

Cam. Away, away, stick to your first Resolution; you know my Cunning cannot clear my Fame, or e'er induce you to believe me more. Ha, ha, ha, sweet Sir, you see I have not given my self much Pain about it.

Bel. Nor do I expect you shou'd, *Camilla*. Passion has the same Power o'er the Minds of Men, that Clouds have over the Face of Day; it contracts the Prospect of our Reason, and makes our Judgment dark—but when the Storm is once discharg'd, each Faculty reduc'd, and Prudence takes her Seat again, our Thoughts return, and all our Senses cool, and we examine Matters with a different Air, and every thing has quite another look; then if we find we have been to blame, 'tis no Shame to own it, but rather argues the Greatness of a Soul capable to distinguish right.

Cam. This Reasoning had been well six Hours ago.

Bel. Can it have lost its Value in six Hours? Will not this Posture satisfy your Pride, for only that can make you slight me now: Oh *Camilla* I know thy Soul too well, to think six Hours can raze me from thy Heart. Thou art not tickle in thy Nature, no, thy Principles disdain that part of Woman; by those then I acquire thee, tell what thou knowest of this Night's Mistake.

Cam. Rise, *Bellvil*; you have cunningly found the way to move me. By that honest Principle I swear you wrong'd me, I was not the Woman you surpris'd.

Bel. Then I submit to what-ever Penance you'll impose—
at one thing more! Was not my Sister she? ha.

Cam. How comes he to guess at her? What shall I say—I must

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must not own it. [*Aside.*] I know not that, for when I came I saw no Woman.

Mer. within. *Camilla.*

Cam. Ha! my Father; I wou'd not have you seen, till I have told him we are reconcil'd. Away, I'll follow you instantly, and tell you all I know of that Affair.

Bel. I shall expect my Angel with Impatience. [*Exit.*]

SCENE draws and discovers the Pack upon a Table, Constantia and Timothy by it.

Enter Bellvil.

Const. My Brother! Oh I've still my Love, or we are undone for ever.

Tim. O wo's me, her Brother! oh, oh, oh!

[*To the Colonel.*]

Const. Oh good *Tim.* don't tremble so, you'll betray all. [*Shakes and cords his Pack.*]

Bel. How now, Sister, have you not done chaffering yet? I bring you good News, *Camilla* and I are Friends again, and she'll be here presently; I hope I have oblig'd you now. Here, who's there?

Enter Florella.

Take the Key, and open the Street Door, again.

Tim. Ah wou'd I were fairly out on't: What will become of me?

Const. Indeed you have rejoyc'd me Brother, I was sure my Cousin cou'd not merit your Displeasure.

Bel. Has this Fellow anything that's good? What does he sell? What ails him to shake and groan so?

Const. No, nothing worth looking on — he has got the Ague, I think.

Tim. *Getting his Pack.*] Ays, Sir, I have the tertian Ague; oh, oh!

Bel. Poor Fellow, set down thy Pack, and go to the Fire and warm thee.

Const. No, no, Brother, let him go to an Ale-house and warm him; go, go, away with your Trumpery.

Tim. Look ye, Madam, don't disparage my Commodities; I have nothing in my Pack but what any Lady may wear, by my Sol, Madam.

Const.

Const. Prithce Fellow don't prate to me, but begone.

Tim. We ganging as fast as I can, Madam.

[Reels against Belvill, who claps up his Hand to save the Pack.

Bel. Ha! 'tis a comical made up Pack as ever I saw, and feels oddly, there may be more in this Pack than I am aware off. [Aside.] Poor Fellow thou art but weak, why do you carry such a heavy load? come set it down, I'll buy something of thee out of pure pity.

Const. Now I am ruin'd past redemption.

Tim. Ah, methinks I feel a Sword quite thro' my Body.

[Sets down his Pack upon the Table.

Bel. Have you any good Lace for Ruffles?

Tim. Lace, Sir! L, I, I, I, I have—no—Lace, Sir.

Bel. What! have you any fine Holland for Shirts, then?

Tim. Holland, Sir, yes, Sir; no, no, now I think on't, Sir, I sold the last piece I had at the next House: What will become of me?

Const. He certainly will find the Colonel! this Fellow's stammering will betray my Love; what shall I say or do to hinder it? [Aside.]

Bel. Why what have you then? this Concern has a Meaning,

[Aside.]

Const. Indeed he has nothing that you will like, Brother.

Bel. That I believe.

Tim. No, Sir, I have nothing ye will like upon my Sol, Sir; when I have recruited my Stock he call again.

[Goes to take up his Pack.

Bel. Sirrah, I say I'll see what you have; now you are a Rogue, I believe, and don't come honestly by your Goods, so are asham'd to show them; open your Pack, ye Dog.

Tim. Ah, Tim, thou art a dead Man.

Bel. Give me liberty instantly, Sirrah, or I'll cut your Throat.

Const. Ah!

Bel. As I suspected! Villain! [beats him.] have you brought Rogues into my House to Rob me.

Bastion jumps out and draws.

Bel. Sir, I suffer no Man to Correct my Servant; I believe you know I am no House-breaker, and am ready to give you that Satisfaction you please.

Const. Oh hold, you shall not fight.

H

[Interposes.

Bel.

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Bel. Colonel *Basson*! no! you have softer Wars for him, I suppose: Confusion! is this your going for *Harwich*, Colonel?

Bass. Had I not stay'd to have been servicable to your Family, I had been gone, Sir.

Bel. Servicable to my Family! which way, Sir, by debauching my Sister? hark ye, Sir, I desire you'll give me an account of this by and by in *Hide Park*.

Bass. If I convince you not that my Design was honourable, and what you'll thank me for too before I leave your House, I'll not fail to meet you.

[*Puts up his Sword.*]

Bel. On that condition I am cool.

Tim. Egad I'm all of a sweat, I'm sure, and shall never be cool again, I'm afraid.

Enter Colonel Merryman, Lord Richlove like a Grecian, and La Front like a Salup Man, with a Pot.

Bass. Now, *Bellvil*, let me intreat you to step with me into the next Room. Madam, you have your Cue.

Const. Ay, ay, I warrant you.

Bel. What do you mean, Colonel?

Bass. Suspend your Curiosity - but a Moment, and you'll know——Come along, Sirrah.

[*To Tim.*]

Bel. Well, for once I will.

Tim. What the Devil's to be done now? [*Ex. Bass. Bel. and Tim.*]

Mer. There she is, my Lord; to her, to her, Man, show, show her all your fine Nicknacks. Odso, here's my Daughter, and her Father, but I'll take them off presently.

Enter Camilla and Sir Roger.

Neice, I promis'd you a present of Chocolate, I met a *Grecian* here that has extraordinary good he says, so I have brought him in, take as much as you will, Girl, I'll pay for't, or any thing else he sells.

Const. Let me see, what have you?

Mer. Take him into the next Room, Neice, I don't desire to see what Conscience you Women have, but I'll pay for as much as you'll buy, Neice.

Const. I thank you, Uncle: Well, come in here then.

[*Ex. Const. and Lord*]

Cam. What, mayn't I see what he has got too?

Mer. No, no, no, there's nothing for you to see, Child, therefore do you stay here; come, I'll treat my Brother and you with some Salup.

Sir Rog

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Sir Rog. Salup, what is that Salup? I have often seen this Fellow sauntering about Streets, and cou'd not imagine what he fold: What is it made on, you?

Front. Meo speako Englisho Nono.

Sir Rog. What the Devil does he say now?

Mer. Why he tells you he speaks no *English*; he's an *Italian*.

Cam. Excellent——I'm afraid he'll change his Tone by and by: Come, give me a Dish.

Le Front. Senior, Expleco meo whato sheo wanto.

Mer. Uno dasho de Salupo. *[Tim. fills Salup.]*

Sir Rog. This *Italian* is very vowellly, it runs much upon the o methinks.

Cam. No Fool like the old one.

Const. within.] Help, help! a Rape, a Rape!

Sir Rog. Ha, what's that, a Rape? what the Devil, has the *Grecian* fal'n foul of my Daughter?

Mer. How's this? I'm surpriz'd.

Front. Oh de Devil haul her, I shall sound away, begar.

Enter Bellvil dragging in the Lord, the Colonel with Constantia, and Timothy.

Bel. Come along, Villain; if you're so warm, here's a Pump hard by shall cool you.

Lord. Have a care what you say, Sir, I am not a Person to be treated ignominiously.

Bel. My Lord *Richlove*! I am glad I have met you; tho' you deserve below a Scoundrel, yet I'll do you the Justice that belongs to your Quality.

Sir Rog. Hark ye, Brother, have you ta'en up pimping before the Peace? Methinks you might have found some other Family to have given Hansel to your Trade.

Enter Florella.

Mer. Look ye, Brother, don't be faucy; if your Daughter admits a Man into her Bed-Chamber, and offers to run away with him, it is to be suppos'd Hansel may be given without a Pimp.

Lord. So, the Devil won't bate me an Inch, I see.

Bel. How's that, Sir?

Belst. I must clear the Colonel, he has been impos'd upon, but there's one can tell best how his Lordship came into the Bed-Chamber, since she show'd him the way.

H 2

Flor.

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Flor. So, my Business is done.

Bel. Your humble Servant, Mrs. Bawd ? this House has no farther business with you, go troop. [*Gives her a Kick.*]

Flor. Then some other shall, Sir.

Bas. His Lordship may set you up for his Use.

Lord. I am so confounded I know not what to say.

Cam. How does your Lordship sell Chocolate a Pound ? ha, ha, ha !

Mer. Zounds, I never had such a trick put upon me in my Life ; he told me that my Neice was in Love with him, and that he had your Consent, and *Bellevil* only oppos'd him—my Lord, old as I am, you and I must talk this business over behind *Mountain* House, we must faith.

Const. Let me advise your Lordship to practise the Rules of Honour and Honesty more, or resign that Title which ought to inherit both——Well may the Vulgar break in upon the Laws, when they can plead Custom from the Great : People in your Sphere, shou'd set Presidents for Virtue, and not give Examples of Debauchery and Vice ; the higher Men are plac'd, the more their Actions are in view ; and those that scorn the poor Plebeian State, shou'd scorn their Crimes much more.

Bel. I'll meet your Lordship half an hour hence at *Tom's*, from whence we'll take Coach to a convenient Place, you understand me.

Lord. Yes, and will meet you too, Sir ; so dam your Family. [*Exit.*]

Cam. Hark ye, Friend, why don't you cry your Salup ?

Front. De Devil take her Jest, begar me must beg Pardon. [*Falls on his Knees.*] Me be de very good Family in *France*, but de puvre Refuge for Religion, Masoy must do any ting for Bread, me be de *Valet de Chambre* to dat Divel of a Lord, but if you will forgive me, I will be your Footman, begar.

Sir Rog. So, you can speak *Engliss* now, Sirrah.

Tim. A Footman, ye *French* Dog——speak one contemptible Word of a Footman, Sirrah, and I'll beat your Furnmity Kettle about your Ears.

Mer. Well said, *Tim.*

Sir

Sir Rog. No, no, let him alone, we'll think of a Punishment for him, I'll warrant you.

Front. Me with me were in France, began me never give England the Honour of my Presence more.

Bel. Colonel, I know own my self oblig'd to you, and thank you for this Discovery: And Uncle I forgive you, and ask your Pardon, for any ill Manners I might be guilty of last Night: Camilla and I are reconcil'd, and I only want my Friend Sir Philip to compleat my Happiness. I would gladly have my Sister marry'd on the same Day.

Enter Servant.

Ser. A Letter by the Post for you, Sir. [*Gives a Letter.*]

Bel. Looks on the Letter.] 'Tis Sir Philip's Hand, I hope it brings News of his Arrival.

Bel. I hope not.

Const. I dread the Consequence.

Bel. What's this! Dear Friend; I trust to that Name for Pardon—of an Action which I am guilty of—I am marry'd—Dam him, marry'd—

Cam. What puts you out of Humour, Belvill?

Bel. No new thing, Madam: The Fallencs of a Friend, that's all; my Knight's marry'd.

Cam. The best News I have heard this Twelve-month.

Const. O blest Sound! I told you Brother, if Heav'n design'd it not, there would be ways found to cross it.

Sir Rog. Is this your honourable Friend, Belvill? Ha, ha, we have both been mistaken I find; therefore by my Consent, my Daughter shall chuse for her self for the future.

Bel. With all my Heart, I'll never concern my self about her more; I would only ask you one Question, Sister, did not you mistake me this Morning?

Const. I did indeed, Brother, and for this Gentleman, I take you at your Word, Sir, and crave your Blessing.

[*Kneels with the Colonel.*]

Bel. We want but that to make us truly blest.

Bel. So! There's a Turn I ne'er suspected—

Sir Rog. This is something quick methinks—but take her, and blest you both.

Mer. Well said, Brother; he's a Man of Honour, faith, and my Neice has made a good Choice: Nephew, give me thy Hand—by every dead Frenchman I am proud of thy Alliance.

The Perplex'd Lovers.

Basf. And I look upon this Day the happiest of my Life, if *Belvil* will accept me for a Brother.

Bel. Yes, yes, Colonel, since I see how things have been managed, you have my Consent among the rest.

Cam. Now you oblige me truly, *Belvil*—Cousin, I wish you Joy.
[*Salutes Constantia.*]

Const. I wish you the same, *Camilla*.

Front. Noble Colonel, me shoud' be very proud to be your Gentleman, mafoy.

Tim. Zounds, ye Dog, woud' you supplant me that have unde-gone the Slavery of the Courtship, and now the Harvest of Matrimony is ripe, woud' you eat the Fruits of my Labour? 'Tis my Turn to be Gentleman, Sirrah, and I'll quit it for ne'er a *French* Son of a Whore in *England*—that has no more Courage than he has [*Aside.*] therefore strip, Sirrah, strip, the best Man take it.

Basf. Hold, hold, we'll have no Domestick.

Broils; you are grown as stout as *Hercules*,

But come, *Tim*; your Quarrel shall end in a Song.

[*Tim. sings a Song.*]

A S O N G, designed to have been Sung by *Mr. Pack*, in Imitation of the *Irisb*, who was prevented by a Cold.

DE A R Brother dost hear the joyful News,
Our Master's caught i'th' Conjugal Noose;
Wanton young Cupid so well play'd his part too,
That Cælia's bright Eyes soon shot his Heart thro':
Then ow la wa let us be merry,

O nily wa let us be merry,

Ta bony Lee let us be merry.

And drink the Bride's Health in racy Canary.

Ta bony Lee, &c.

Fill i' other Glass, the Groom's Health take too;

Why shoud' we sleep since he must wake too?

Oh this Liquor falls short of those Charms

That our Master will taste in Cælia's bright Arms.

For Ow la wa there will be Kisses,

O nily wa, and sweeter Blisses,

Ta bony Lee, their Eyes are rowling,

At each Kiss one takes i' other's Soul in,

Ta bony Lee, &c.

The Perplex'd Lovers.

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When Night's gone; and the Day is breaking;

The blushing Bride's in woful taking;

The World will know what she's been doing;

And nine Months show the end of wooing:

For Ow la wa, there will be pining,

O nily wa, and dismal looking,

Ta hony Lee, this comes of kissing,

And yet they long to taste the Blessing.

Ta hony Lee.

But when Grace the Banling produces,

The Bride well again for Conjugal Uses,

Then, then, she minds not the whole World's sneering;

Marriage is lawful, she laughs at their jeering.

But Ow la wa, if Spouse proves naughty,

O nily wa, of Wenching faulty,

Ta hony Lee; what a peal she'll ring him,

And how many Kisses must wipe off his sinning!

Ta hony Lee, &c.

Mer. Very well.

Sir Rog. What think you of a Dance now?

Some of my Servants play on the Violin.

Mer. Away with it then——

[A Country Dance.

Bast. Now my Constantia, Fortune smiles upon us, and gives me all in giving thee.

Even Honour, Glory, Conquest, centers here,

And Fame it self submits to powerful Love.

Be ev'ry gen'rous Man like me carest,

Still love like me, and still like me be blest.

Cam. May ev'ry brave Defender of our Isle

Be thus rewarded for his warlike Toil;

And after Sieges, Winter Camps and Storms,

May some kind Female take him to her Arms.

[Ex. Omnes.

To

To his Illustrious Highness
Prince *EUGENE* of Savoy.

ONE Night with various Thoughts I musing lay,
Reflecting on the Business of the Day;
At length these words got Passage from my Breast,
And thus the Sadness of my Soul express'd.
Oh! when will *Faction* leave my Native Shore,
And *Britons* labour to be *Slaves* no more?
When shall true Merit meet with due Regard,
And *Friends* to *France*, be *England's Foes* declar'd?
That once perform'd, my Nation wou'd have Peace,
And all our Troubles and Distractions cease.
While thus I argu'd, Sleep did gently steal,
And in soft Slumbers all my Senses seal.

Straight I on *Albion's* chalky Cliffs was laid,
From whence I *Neptune's* spacious *Realms* survey'd:
When Lo! a *Dolphin* hast'ed to the Shore,
His Back a *Triton* of distinction bore,
Who chose for his Support a *Mountain Wave*,
And from a Coral *Trump*, he three loud Signals gave.
Alarm'd *Britannia* came the Cause to learn,
From whence the *Courier*, and of what concern:
To whom the *Triton* bow'd his Head, to show
How much all Nations to *Britannia* owe.
Then fr'ait prepar'd his *Embassie* to tell,
While joyous Waves with Expectation swell.

From *Neptune*, Lord of all the wealthy *Main*,
I come, great *Eugene's* Entry to proclaim:
His out-stretch'd Sails the Winds with Pleasure fill,
And ev'ry saucy Storm's commanded to be still.
The *Nereids* all around his Vessel play,
While Shoals of *Tritons* guard his liquid Way.
Advance, *Britannia*, to receive this Chief,
The *Tyrant's* Scourge, and the Opprest's Relief:
A nobler Weight thy Seas cou'd never boast,
Since they the Great, the Glorious *William* lost:
Such dauntless Courage, such a Free-born Mind
Alone are fit to succour Human-kind.
Thus spoke the *Triton* from his tow'ring Wave,
And this Command the pleas'd *Britannia* gave:

To great *Augusta* quick let *Fame* repair,

And speak the Loud *Eugene's* Arrival there.

On *Thames* fair Banks I quick as Thought was thrown,
Where *Fam'd Augusta's* stately Piles are shown:

Here I beheld a lovely Silvan Scene,

Nature renew'd, and ev'ry Bough was green:

Here tuneful Birds their choicest Notes prepare,

And Arromatick Scents fill'd all the Ambient Air;

When a bright *Fern* expanded on the Wing,

Did to my Sense Surprise and Wonder bring.

Her Golden Tresses by the Wind were born,

And num'rous Eyes did ev'ry Part adorn:

A Scarlet Robe she had all spangled o'er,

A 'broider'd *Cestus* round her Waste she wore,

And in her Hand a golden *Trumpet* bore:

She lit, methought, yet seem'd to grow so high,

Her Head aspir'd to reach the distant Sky.

Straight with her Breath she blew a glad some Sound,

And Echo joyfully the Notes rebound.

Augusta heard, and rais'd her awful Head,

While *Thamasis* forsook his owzy Bed:

To welcome *Fame* they both appear'd in View;

And from her Looks propitious Omens drew.

Smiling she stood, and with a cheerful Voice

Cry'd, Hail old *Thame*, *Augusta* now rejoice,

Great *Eugene* comes, your Banners freight display,

From ev'ry Turret solemnize this Day.

To Minds like *his* — you all your Safeties owe,

From Souls enlarg'd your choicest Blessings flow.

Eugene and *Marlbro'*, Names to *Europe* dear,

True *Heroes* born, and Brothers of the War,

Their innate Worth immortal Life shall give,

And make their Fame in Spight of Envy, Live,

And even the sharp, and Iron Teeth of Time

(That must destroy these *Lofly Piles* of thine)

Shall make their Actions much the brighter show

For those Immortal as their Souls shall grow.

Haste *Britons*, haste, your choicest Youth prepare

To meet, and entertain this *God of War*,

From *him*, and *Marlbro'*, let your Soldiers take

Such bright Example as true *Heroes* make.

Be brave like *them*, like *them* discharge their Trust,

To *ANNE* be Loyal, to their Country just;

So shall their *Aëts* strike Envy's Censure dumb,
And thus *Britannia* Rival ancient *Rome*.
So spoke the *Goddess*, and withdrew from Sight,
Hiding her fluid *Form* in Folds of Light.

Augusta hasted to display her *Pride*,

And *Thame* his Joys exprest with double Tide,

Now was each Street with Expectation fill'd,

When I a Train of *Britons' Pride* beheld;

For *Fancy* here again had chang'd the Scene,

And *ANN A's Court* appear'd, to welcome *Great Eugene*.

Foremost in *Worth*, did Graceful *Marbrià* stand,

Whose *Wondrous Conduct* sav'd the *Britiss* Land,

And *Europe's Ballance* fix'd in *ANN A's* Hand.

Spight of his *Foes*, he's still to *Eugene* dear

Who knows his Soul, knows ev'ry *Virtue* there,

Knows *Loyalty* and *Courage* fill his Breast,

And sees his Mind, with *Truth* and *Prudence* dress'd.

Again his *Face* shall glitter like a Star,

When *England's Foes* like *Meteors* disappear;

But now behold the lovely *Eugene* here,

And with him comes the *Genius* of our *Isle*,

Methinks I see her on the *Heroes* smile,

And hear her say, Go one *Brave Pair*, subdue

The *Tyrant* only can be crush'd by you.

Then *Savoy's Hero* singly thus address'd.

Hail valiant *Prince*, far more than *Monarch* blest;

He wants no *Crown*, who reigns in ev'ry Breast.

Thy Presence here, my dropping *Nation* warms,

While *Belgia* owes her *Being* to thy *Arms*.

The barbarous *Turk* thy Conquering *Name* reveres,

And more thy *Sword*, than *Mahomet's Curse*, he fears.

By thee, his chosen *Troops* were put to Flight,

Or cut to Pieces in their *Julian's* Sight.

By thee was *Savoy's Duke* retriev'd from Fate,

His *Foes* by thee were beat, by thee he holds his State.

Hail, matchless *Youth* of the *Swissian* Line,

Whose *Actions* Bright, as *Roman Consuls* shine:

Not more, the *Macedonian Chief* renown'd,

Nor he, who thro' the *Alps* a Passage found.

The *Gallick Tyrant* dreads thy vengeful Hand,

And sees his ill-got *Trophies* tottering stand;

Tho' freed from *Marbrià*, still his *Fears* remain,

Still *Anjou* trembles on the *Throne of Spain*.

And if I ought foresee, the *English Race*
 Shall (*forc'd by thee*) to *Austria's House* give place.
 Thus *Britain's Genius*—while the *litt'ning Crowd*
 Express their Joys in Acclamations loud:
 Shook with the *Sound*, Sleep loosen'd all his *Ties*,
 And left me waking in a pleas'd Surprise.

EPILOGUE, Spoken by Mr. Norris in Mourning.

O *Woe* is me, oh, oh, oh, what shall I say?
 They charge me here, with *sinking of the Play*.
 To you I appeal, and pray do me right.
 Could I, Sirs, help your *hissing* & other *Noise*?
 I but said the *Poet*, I thought your *Face*
 Might from the upper Gallery find more *Graces*.
 Since all below could not think it my *Fault*,
 For all know here, an *Epilogue* was *surpassing*.
 Nay and sent to be *Licenc'd* too, what then
 It would not pass, so was return'd again.
 Could you no *Credits* to poor *Scrub* afford?
 Or could you doubt your *Brether Dicky's Word*?
 I said you shou'd have an *Epilogue to-Day*,
 And don't you mind what *Men of Honour* say?
 Nay, laugh not, *Brethren*, for our *Author's Friends*
 On all the *Murtherers* *Revenge* intends.
 Since *she* poor *Soul* is dead, you couldst her *Fall*,
 Like *Julius Cæsar* in the *Capitol*.
 By two and thirty *Hisses* from that *side*,
 Sing to the *Heart*, the pretty *Creations* *side*.
 You natur'd *Soul*! yet midst these dreadful *Scars*
 She made her *Will*, and left you all her *Hairs*.
 First to the *Ladies*, she bequeaths her *Spouse*;
 To th' *Beaus*, some *Copies of Verse* *Entreaties*.
 Then chiefest *Talent* lies in *Dress* and *Winking*.
 To th' *Flyant Girtles*, and *Gamblers* of the *Ring*
 They can find it out—she leaves her *Min*.
 To all the *Soldiers*, when the *Wars* shall cease,
 She leaves her *Pen*, to purchase *Bread* in *Pease*.
 In *Plots*, *Contrivances*, and *Stratagems*,
 She leaves: I intraguining *Wives* of *Citizens*.
 To *amatick Rules*, and *Scraps of Poetry*,
 She leaves those—ay, ay, those she leavest to me.
 To th' young *Men*, for I intend to write,
 And I'll *swinge* you off out of your *Spight*;
 Where be civil you had best to *Night*.

And now, Stars, to conclude our Author's Will,
 She humbly prays, here in the Goddell,
 You wou'd the Undertaker's Charge defray,
 By filling up the Hole upon her Day.

The EPILOGUE design'd to have been spoke the first Night
by Mrs. Oldfield.

IN the good Times when War is like to cease,
 And Europe soon expects a gen'ral Peace;
 To Brave Half-Wits, and Critics, all may know
 I from Apollo come a Plenipo;
 Who well inclin'd to treat, by me thinks fit
 To send Proposals from the State of Wit;
 Against such strong Confederates engag'd,
 An unsuccessful War he long has wagg'd;
 And now declares, if you will all submit
 To pay the Charges of his Box and Pit,
 He will no more Hostilities commit.
 In all their Works his Poets shall take Care
 Never to represent you, as you are.
 But on the Critick, Judgment shall bestow,
 Sense on the Whiting, Beauty on the Bream,
 This for the Adam; Next he offers the Fair,
 He grieves it as ever he with them made Wars
 Or ever in his Plays attack'd their Fame.
 Or any thing disclos'd unfit so near;
 Or Characters of faithless Women drew,
 And shou'd feign'd Beauties, so unlike the true,
 But in all future Scenes the Sex shall see
 Themselves as charming as they wish to be;
 For them he will ordain new Comic Rules,
 And never more will make them do as Fools:
 And when he rises to the Tragick Strains,
 None but true Heroes shall their Fugues gain;
 Such as that Stranger who has grac'd our Land,
 Of equal Fame for Council, and Command.
 A Prince, whose Wisdom, Valour, and Success,
 The gazing World with Acclamations blest;
 By no great Captain in past Times outdone,
 And in the present equal'd but by ONE,
 These fair Conditions, will, I hope, compose
 All Wars between the Poets and their Foes.
 Come Sign the Peace, and let this happy Age
 Produce a League in favour of the Stage:
 But shou'd this fail, at least our Author prays
 A Truce may be concluded for six Days.

FINIS.